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MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

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Memories of a Hundred Years

The LMG Co.

Memories of a Hundred Years

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY," ETC.

VOLUME II

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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This was printed at the office of the Boston *Commercial Gazette*, under the direction of the proprietor, James L. Homer, on the 21st of October, 1835, and was directed against George Thompson, who was then causing great excitement by his eloquent addresses against slavery. The poster was set up and run off on a hand-press by two apprentices of Homer, one of whom was George C. Rand, subsequently a master printer of Boston and the first printer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." These two boys then distributed them among the bar-rooms and barber-shops of the business section of the city, with the result that by two o'clock a raging mob of five thousand people gathered about the antislavery office, and shortly after laid violent hands upon Mr. Garrison, in the absence of Mr. Thompson, who was out of the city.

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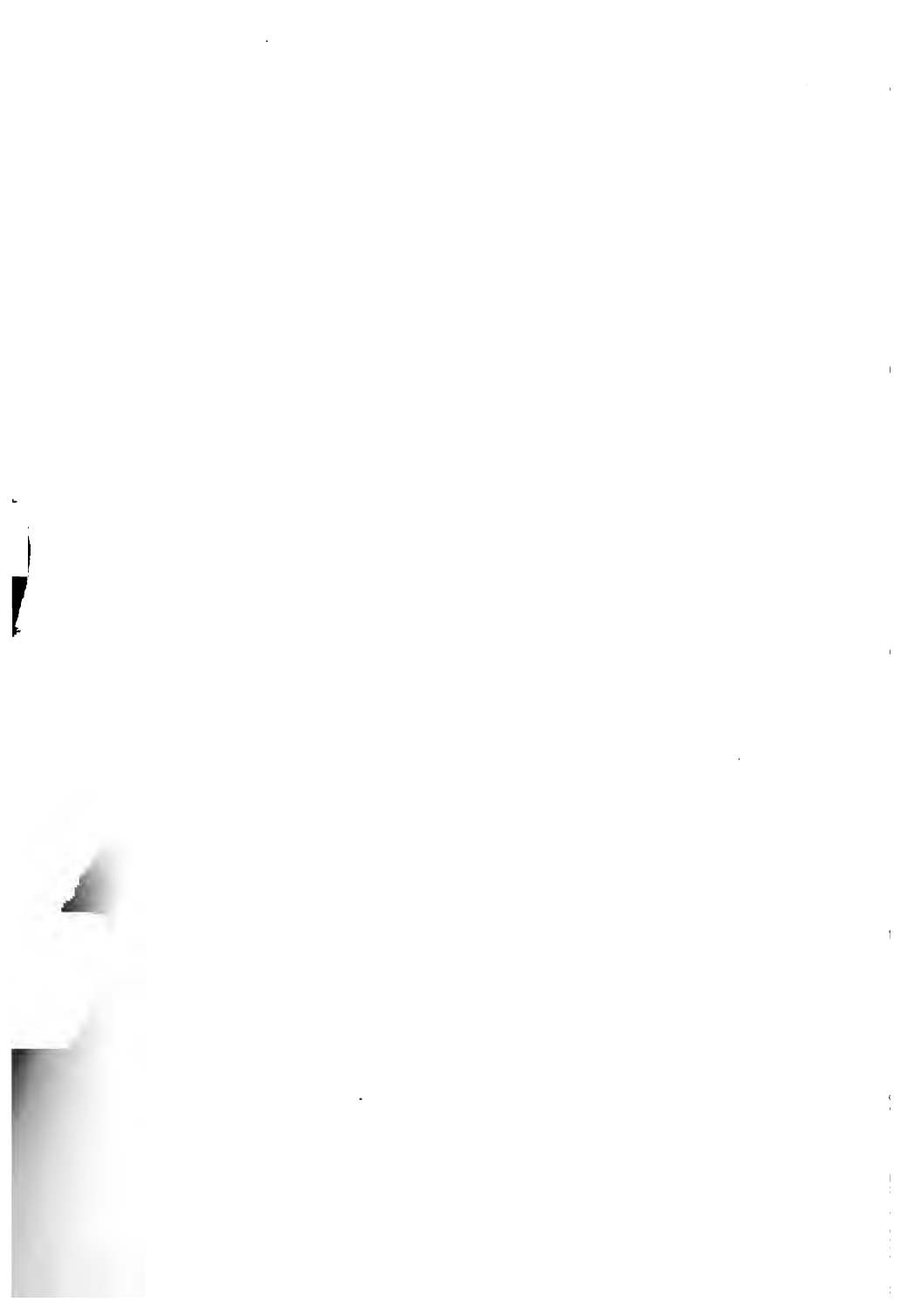

THE ORATORS

MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS

CHAPTER I

THE ORATORS

MODERN AMERICAN ORATORY

THE cant phrase of conventional conversation says that the age of oratory is over. I do not believe this. The conditions are changed. The methods are changed. But it is as true as it ever was that if a man wants to lead men, he had better be able to tell men what he wants. And it will be well for him and them if he can tell them this, so that they shall believe him and remember afterward what he has said to them.

William McElroy, who is himself no mean judge, told me that George William Curtis once said to him that the most remarkable passage in modern oratory, the passage, that is, that is best worth remembering, is the passage well known and often cited in Waldo Emerson's oration at Dartmouth in 1838. Carlyle speaks of that address as lying on a counter in an Oxford book-

shop and arresting Gladstone's attention before Gladstone was thirty years old.

"You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this Truth you seek, what is this Beauty?' men will ask, with derision. If nevertheless God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I: I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season;' — then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art and poetry and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect."

Mr. McElroy quoted Curtis's remark to Roscoe Conkling, who differed from him. He said that the finest passage he remembered from any man of his time is Charles Sprague's reference to the American Indian in a Fourth of July oration. One would be glad to have a dozen such opinions from a dozen such leaders. The passage which Mr. Conkling referred to is this: —

"Roll back the tide of time. How painfully to us applies the promise, 'I will give to thee, the heathen for an inheritance.' Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowl-

edged in everything around. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne, in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze, in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds, in the timid warbler that never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds, in the worm that crawled at his foot, and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of light to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration."

EXAMPLE OF EDMUND BURKE

Emerson himself had an enthusiastic admiration for Webster, until he thought he had betrayed the North. To the day of his death he had an admiration for Edward Everett, whom he had known first when he was a professor of Greek literature at Harvard College. I shall speak of Emerson in another place, but this is perhaps the best place to say that he had an opinion quite indefensible as to the knack of absolutely extempore speech, — a knack which, according to me, any one can master. But Emerson did not think so.

When the century came in, the echoes of Edmund Burke's voice were still resounding in England and America. In Mr. Everett's preface to Webster's works, and in a passage of his own autobiography, he refers to the impression which Burke's eloquence made on the minds of all educated young Americans. You can trace it, I think, even in Webster's earliest addresses. It will not do to speak lightly of Burke, but Webster was a greater man than Burke, and one likes to see that he outgrew such tricks of oratory. There are phrases of his which Burke could never have written.

Here is one of Mr. Everett's confessions: "When I was at College the English authors most read and admired, at least by me, and I believe generally by my contemporaries, were Johnson, Gibbon, and Burke. I yielded myself with boyish enthusiasm to their irresistible fascination. But the stately antithesis, the unvarying magnificence, and the boundless wealth of diction of these great masters, amply sustained in them by their learning, their power of thought, and weight of authority, are too apt, on the part of youthful imitators, to degenerate into ambitious wordiness." It is pleasant to see that Charles Sprague, to whom

Conkling alluded, had recognized the power of Webster's speech six years before the Hayne addresses. Here is what he said on the 4th of July, 1825: "The struggling nations point to our example, and in their own tongues repeat the cheering language of our sympathy. Already, when a master spirit towers among them, they call him *their* Washington. Along the foot of the Andes they breathe in gratitude the name of Clay; by the ivy-buried ruins of the Parthenon they bless the eloquence of Webster!" Mr. Everett more than once speaks almost as if he himself had been misled by Burke in his own earlier days; and in revising his earlier addresses for the standard edition of his "Orations" he sometimes tones down the exuberance of what he would have called boyish rhetoric.

I may say in passing that dear Dr. James Walker was once talking to me of the advantages of repeating in the pulpit an old sermon: "You may alter the arrangement, you may change the illustrations, you can improve the argument perhaps, and, above all, you can leave out all the *fine passages*."

But I hesitate a little about printing this amusing bit of criticism. In Everett's case I

am quite sure that he did not always improve the text by such severity of older years.

Mrs. Browning, in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," in later editions tones down what was once written, —

"And the resonant steam eagles
Follow far on the directing of her floating dove-like hand"

to

"And the palpitating engines snort in steam across her acres."

One remembers all about the theory of realism and the rest, but, after all, "steam eagles" was better.

Tennyson, in the same way, tones down "Locksley Hall." But youth is youth. And the average reader of poetry is less than thirty years of age. Can we not let young men speak to young men as young men like to speak to young men and to young women?

EDWARD EVERETT

After Mr. Everett's defeat in 1839 in the Massachusetts election for Governor, an occasion still remembered in our local politics, in which he lost his election literally by one vote, he went

to Europe for a long stay. In the next autumn there followed a great revulsion in the National history. For once the West and the North

EDWARD EVERETT.
From a daguerreotype.

united against the South, and William Henry Harrison was chosen President. He made Mr. Webster his Secretary of State, and Mr. Webster offered to Mr. Everett the post of our Minister

to London. Mr. Everett went to London in 1841 and remained there until the autumn of 1845, rendering essential services to the Nation, and proved himself better acquainted with our international relations than any other man living. This might well be, as he was one of the few men who used familiarly the languages of the Continent of Europe, and as he had never lost sight of the interests which were intrusted to him, when he was in Congress, as a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. I may say here that his attachment to Mr. Webster, which was very close, was never broken.

I happened, as a youngster, to be standing by so that I saw a pretty incident which is a good illustration of what happens in a democracy, where "our governors are from ourselves." I was with Mr. Everett when he was Governor and was visiting the Worcester jail. The sheriff, an accomplished gentleman, said to the Governor that they had a prisoner waiting trial whom no one could understand. The man was a Levantine, as it proved; but their Italian interpreters could make nothing of his language. Mr. Everett tried him in Italian with as little success. But instantly we could see the glow of satisfaction on both their faces when he changed to modern

Greek and the poor prisoner could tell his story.

Mr. Everett was very fond of me from my childhood, and very good to me. I think he talked with me with a certain intimacy which he seldom enjoyed with others. For the misfortune of his life was that he was a very shy man. Since his death people have said to me that they always noticed in the street that he was walking alone.

He said to me one day in the spring of 1846 that it was already long enough, since his return from Europe, for him to satisfy himself that the stately oration of twenty years before was for America a thing of the past. He advised me as a young man to accustom myself to speak to large or small audiences without a manuscript before me, to accept the more colloquial habit, which I think he would have called the "habit of the stump."[1] After this time he prepared some of his own most elaborate written addresses; but I doubt if he ever carried the manuscript into the assembly where he was to speak. In an interview in his own beautiful library, when

[1] About the same time, Orville Dewey told me how to do it. I think it was he who told me always to speak in public "whenever any one was fool enough to ask" me.

we were both fifteen years older, he said to me that in preparing an address he then never put on paper any bit of narrative. If you know what you are describing, you can tell it with most spirit if you are not in the least fettered. I might add that, with a memory like his, you might be sure to make no mistake as to the facts. But for a matter of persuasion, of logic, or argument in any form, he thought that this should be prepared in advance, with all the caution which is implied in the use of pen, ink, and paper. Thus, in his own address on George Washington, he did not write down the narrative of Braddock's defeat until he wrote it down for the printed edition. It was a new story to every audience. But the philippic against Marlborough, and the conclusion of the address, were, to the last letter, considered in advance. And though he never took the paper upon the stage, these were the same to every audience.

As I went away from this talk, he said: "Come round when you can, and I will tell you how I get up an address, for I think I have some methods which other men do not know." I cried out, laughing, that I thought so too, and that every one else thought so. He was not dis-

pleased, and said that when I could come round he would tell me what his secrets were. Alas! these must have been the last words I heard him speak. The next time I saw his face it was silent in death. His death was very sudden, following immediately on an appeal in Faneuil Hall for the destitute people of Savannah.

There are two or three foolish anecdotes afloat, which I hear more often than I like to, about his preparing stage effects in advance. All these fables are based on the supposition that he had no presence of mind before an audience, and that he could do nothing in situations which he had not anticipated. The truth is, on the other hand, that he was never so much himself as when he was before an audience, and that he rather liked any suggestion of the moment which broke up the stiffness of what you might call *ex cathedra* or academic discourse. His friend John Henry Clifford, afterward Governor of Massachusetts, was one of his staff when he was Governor. He once told me this story: —

In the year 1837 Mr. Everett had accepted an invitation to speak at Williams College. This College had never been visited before by a Governor; but at this time the Western railway

had been opened, and it was with a certain enthusiasm that the Commencement exercises of that year were undertaken, because the western county of Berkshire was really for the first time united to the capital of the State. The College was proud, the people were proud, that the Governor was to be there; but Mr. Everett, quite unconscious of this sort of feeling, had prepared and taken with him an oration, such as he might have delivered at Phi Beta at Cambridge, on the "Influence of German Thought on the Contemporary Literature of England and America." I once thought I detected the oration in another place. He arrived with his staff on the evening of the 15th of August, and was entertained at a great social party by the President. He found, undoubtedly to his satisfaction, that "half the county had come in," and that the occasion was one not so much of literary importance as of Massachusetts pride.

Accordingly, next day, when the time for his oration came, he delivered an address on the "Relations of the Frontier Towns of New England to the History of the World," as exhibited in the French War, in which Ephraim Williams was a commander of Massachusetts troops, — the same Ephraim Williams who had founded the

new college. The address was received with the absolute enthusiasm which waited on his eloquence everywhere. As the assembly passed out from the church, Clifford met in the porch one of the fine old Berkshire sachems, a gentleman of position and cultivation, as enthusiastic as the rest. Clifford said to him, "And how do you like our Governor?" "Like him? I am only thinking what a fool I am. I talked to him for an hour at the President's party, and, by Jove, I was telling him things that he knew better than I do." The simple truth was that through that hour the Governor had been pumping his Berkshire man for local detail which the next morning had been reflected on the Berkshire audience. The address itself had all the charm of a man who seemed to the manor born, while he brought to it all the eloquence of classical education and of European travel.

More than once I have had to report Mr. Everett verbatim in some careful address, and you must trust me when I say that the address itself, with its fresh and personal contact with the audience, was always superior to the manuscript which in the severity of his habit he had prepared before.

He was hopelessly sensitive to what the press

Washington Mar. 17. 1851

My Dear Sir

Your remarks on the correspondence with Mr Marsh, respecting Kossuth, are essentially just, & proper. The "Intelligencer Daily" is of the right. The correspondence is liable to the criticism which you make upon it. But as Congress had already ordered a U.S. vessel to go for Kossuth, & as there had been a considerable case when the

Executive Clerk to do something in the case, and as our Turkish friends rather desired it, it was concluded to let the letters go forth.

Mr Hülsemann has replied to my note, & I have rejoined. Both notes shall be published tomorrow.

Yrs truly

Daniel Webster

Mr Hale

A Letter from Daniel Webster to Nathan Hale (Dr. Hale's Father).
From the original owned by Dr. Hale.

inted, not knowing what I, who was bred in a spaper office, know, first, that of whatever is in the newspaper, half the people who see it ot read it; second, that half of those do not rstand it; third, that of the half who under- it, half do not believe it; fourth, that of lf who believe it, fully half forget it; fifth, he half who remember it are probably of at account anyway. This may be accepted ay of a parenthesis and forgotten with the

The year I was thirteen years old Mr. Everett to deliver an address which I think one his best. It was at Lexington, Mass., on sixtieth anniversary of the Battle of Lexngton. He had tact enough, and so much kindness that he came over one day and asked me to unt up for him this quotation: —

"Where should the soldier rest but where he fell?"

t is an excellent line, but written, I now k, by himself. I was honored by his asking to help him in the address, and went down he Athenæum and ran my eye through probthree or four hundred odes and poems h seemed to be possible sources of the line. d not find it, and as I have not found it in

sixty-six years more, I do not believe it is to be found, except on the last page of the Lexington address where he used it on this occasion, and in other places where I have quoted it. Having had this share in the preparation of the address, I begged eagerly at school and at home that I might be permitted to go to Lexington and hear it. But no! The rules of the school did not permit the absence for a few hours of a boy who was "preparing for college," and so I lost my chance.[1] At the same moment, probably, I contracted a disgust for the mechanism of the public schools which I have ventured to express on all proper occasions between that time and this.

I had, however, had a chance, on the 6th of September, 1834, to crowd into Faneuil Hall with the boys who had no tickets, in time to hear the close of his eulogy on Lafayette. Mr. Everett was an enthusiast about Lafayette; and let me say here that all the men who knew La-

[1] But only three years before, as a friend reminds me, when Mr. Webster came on to "address his fellow citizens in Faneuil Hall in regard to Jackson's Nullification Proclamation and to persuade them to support him in the course he took, the Latin School boys were dismissed and sent down to the Hall to hear him." It is just possible that the Master wanted to go himself on this occasion.

fayette best were enthusiastic about him. It is only people who did not know him, like Carlyle, who speak of him with contempt.

When I am asked, as Mr. Conkling was, what are the passages of oratory which I remember as most impressive, I am apt to recur to the close of that eulogy. Near the close of his address Mr. Everett freed himself entirely from every conventionality of the platform, as he turned his back upon his hearers to Stuart's Washington and to the bust of Lafayette which were behind him, and cried, "Break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak! speak! marble lips, and teach us the love of liberty protected by law!"

Nothing is more absurd than the habit current in our day of referring to Everett's eloquence as if it were academic or as the address of a superior to inferiors. In truth, he brought his audience into sympathy with himself almost as soon as he began, and carried them with him as if they were all in the same boat.

I heard an undergraduate say once, of a preacher of whom he was fond, "By Jove, he reads the Bible, not only as if he thought it the most important book of books, but as if he thought we thought so." In this rough epigram

I am disposed to think is contained the definition of what constitutes real eloquence, — the sympathy, at least for the time, of the speaker and the hearer. As so many men have said, the audience teaches the speaker, not what he is to say, perhaps, but how he is to say it.

But on all that matter the diligent reader had better refer to Mr. Everett's own preface to Webster's orations.

Writing in 1856, eleven years after his return from London, Mr. Everett says of the American community of the first quarter of the century, that the great events and the anniversaries of the last half century "were well adapted to excite the minds of youthful writers and speakers and to give a complexion to their thoughts and style. They produced, if I mistake not, in the community at large, a feeling of comprehensive patriotism, which I fear has, in a considerable degree, passed away. While it lasted, it prompted a strain of sentiment which does not now, as it seems to me, find a cordial response from the people in any part of the country. Awakened from the pleasing visions of former years by the fierce recriminations and dark forebodings of the present day, I experience the feel-

ing of the ancient dreamer when cured of his harmless delusions: —

> "'—me occidistis, amici,
> Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,
> Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.'" [1]

This seems to me, writing in 1902, to be a very pathetic sign of the time. He wrote it in the midst of the recriminations which preceded the war. You can hardly make a Massachusetts man believe to-day that our Massachusetts Legislature refused to display the United States flag on the State House of Massachusetts. And I fancy that to-day any Mississippi man would be scandalized if I reprinted Logan's fine remark, when speaking of that State in 1863, "They do not know the American flag when they see it, they do not know anything good, they do not know anything at all." Certainly, in 1902, nobody says such things, and I do not think there are many people who believe them.

[1] "'—ah, friends,' he cried,
'You meant to save me. Better far have died!'
For when they snatched away his joy, they took
The gracious error which had blessed his life."

DANIEL WEBSTER

The poet Lowell had left college for a few months when he went into Boston, on the 9th of November, 1838, "to look out for a place in business." I think I never pass the rather grotesque Parthenon front of our old Court House in Boston without thinking of that walk of Lowell's, as he came through Cambridge Street into Court Street. Observe that at ten o'clock on that 9th of November he meant to go into mercantile life. "I was induced, *en passant*, to step into the United States District Court, where there was a case pending in which Webster was one of the counsel retained. I had not been there an hour before I determined to continue in my profession (of the law) and study as well as I could!" This was what happened to Lowell when he was nineteen years old. I may as well say here that he studied law seriously and to such purpose that when it came to be his turn to be a diplomatist in Spain and in England he knew perfectly well what he was about, and had no superior in his business.

I tell that story because it shows the sort of impression which Mr. Webster made on all intelligent people. I have quoted above what

DANIEL WEBSTER.
From a daguerreotype.

Charles Sprague, who was an excellent critic, said of him fourteen years before. But Webster himself says, "Eloquence does not consist in speech; it is derived from the man, the subject, and from the occasion."

The theory of the Hall of Statuary in Washington is that each State shall furnish a statue of the two most distinguished men in its history. I think most men who care for history would say that the two most distinguished Massachusetts men, since 1620, have been Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster; Benjamin Franklin is mentioned in any history of modern times, Daniel Webster in any history of America.

But it so happened that Massachusetts drove Benjamin Franklin away when he was seventeen years old. He served the State afterward at a very important crisis as her agent in England; but he lived in Philadelphia, in London, and in Paris.

So we could not have Franklin's statue in the Statuary Hall, because he did not live in Boston. That was his misfortune and ours. On the other hand, Daniel Webster was born in New Hampshire. He came to Boston to study law with Christopher Gore in the year 1804, almost precisely as Benjamin Franklin went to Phila-

delphia to study life when he was a little younger. In 1816 Mr. Webster came to Boston to live, and Massachusetts was his home from that time until he died in 1852. But his statue cannot be in the Statuary Hall for Massachusetts, because he was not born there.

For the same reason which keeps him out, Benjamin Franklin is kept out from the Pennsylvania statues. Of the two statues of Pennsylvania, the first is of Robert Fulton, who would be left out by the rule by which Massachusetts left out Franklin. Of the other most of my present readers never heard. I should like the guess of those who are not informed as to the two which Massachusetts has there. New Hampshire gave a home to Daniel Webster in the Hall. Fortunately, the Nation has had no such restrictions as bound Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. In the decision as to the Hall of Fame in New York last year, Washington and Lincoln stand first. In the second rank are Franklin and Webster, "tied" in an even vote. When the busts of these two statesmen are erected, it will be literally true that the stones which the builders rejected stand very near the head of the corner. And in the Capitol, where Franklin is left out from the statuary halls, he does stand

with John Hancock by the staircase in the Senate corridor.

All this by way of preface to my own personal recollection of Mr. Webster, who removed to Boston from Portsmouth six years after my father arrived there. I think they had known each other at Exeter. I think my father had once or twice taken Ezekiel Webster's place in his school at Kingston Street in Boston when Ezekiel was not well. What I know is, that from the time Mr. Webster came to Boston the two families were very intimate with each other. Mr. Webster had been a member of Congress from New Hampshire, and his war speeches, which are important and very interesting, were made when he represented New Hampshire. In 1814 his house in Portsmouth was burned down, and I think it was always a grief to him that the library which he had already collected, which was of interest and value, was destroyed. According to his biographers, who knew, I suppose, it was this misfortune which determined him on leaving New Hampshire. He went to Albany to consider the advantages which that city offered for his residence and practice of the law. One cannot read all this without asking what would have happened IF —

Here was the first statesman of his time; here was the first orator of his time; here was the most remarkable American of the nineteenth century. If he had lived in Albany for the rest of his life, what would the history of New York and of the United States have been? Would the politics of New York have been what John Quincy Adams called them in 1829 — one of the devil's own unaccountables? Would the influence of that State, from Burr's time to Marcy's, have been turned steadily in the scale of the Southern oligarchy? These are interesting questions for people who like to ask questions which are useless. They are thrown out now for the benefit of old gentlemen of eighty who are living in their comfortable homes on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, whose mails have been broken up by freshets, so that they have heard nothing from the modern world for the last few weeks. We will not consider them any longer.

My father had had a similar question before him when he went to Troy in the autumn of 1805. He had decided to come to Boston, and had arrived here in the spring of 1806. Mr. Webster had decided to come to Boston, and he arrived here in 1816. His name appears in the Boston Directory of that day as residing in Som-

erset Street, from which he removed to Mount Vernon Street.

In the same year my father was married. I speak of this here because from the very beginning, so far as I can see, Mr. and Mrs. Webster were most intimate friends at our house. Almost every summer it was the habit of my father to go somewhere with him shooting. Boston men did that more then than they do now; I suppose there were more birds then. So it happened that in August, 1826, my father and mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Webster, and Judge Story and Judge Fay, went down to Sandwich and stayed for a week, more or less, at Fessenden's Tavern (the word hotel for an inn was hardly known in New England for many years afterward). I was a boy four years old, and Edward Webster, my nearest friend, having passed his birthday, was rated as five. We boys were forever together, and at that time it was that I first fired a gun. This was very likely Mr. Webster's gun. The gentlemen came home from shooting one afternoon, and there was a barrel which had not been emptied. I was permitted to rest it over a rail and fire it at a shingle. I did this with awful terror, but was greatly pleased when I had succeeded and was not killed.

I tell this in detail simply to speak of Mr. Webster's abundant kindness to children always. One of my earliest recollections is of sitting at a large table at his house in Summer Street, when we were all playing "commerce" together. I said: "I have not got a counter left. I wonder if there is any friend who will lend me some?" Mr. Webster was sitting next me; with characteristic tenderness and lavishness, he said, "Edward, so long as I live you shall never say you have not a friend," and pushed over as many of the red and white counters as I needed.

My intimacy with Edward Webster continued all through our school and college life; indeed, till he threw away his life in the Mexican War. Mr. Webster's intimacy with my father continued till his death, and naturally, therefore, I saw him much more than most boys or young men could have seen a man of his age.

There is a good anecdote, which is not one of my remembrances, but which is perfectly well authenticated, that when he was delivering one of his great addresses, Mrs. Webster was in the gallery of the church, where she had taken Edward, my little friend, I suppose in order that he might remember hearing his father on a critical occasion. In the course of the address, Mr.

Webster, in his most vigorous way, cried out, "Will any man dare say" — so that the child was himself impressed with the folly of any person contradicting his father, and in a clear voice he replied from the gallery, "No, Pa!"

On my first visit at Washington, I called at Mr. Webster's at once. This must have been in 1844. He was Secretary of State. I have never forgotten the ease and simplicity with which, at dinner, he kept the conversation on such things as would interest a young man, and in particular would interest a person who had just before been engaged in teaching. He went back to speak of his old days as a schoolmaster, when, once or twice, my father had taken his place. I had spoken of my interest in botany, and he began talking about Linnæus's letters, with which he was quite familiar, and from which he cited curious things. I, alas! had never seen Linnæus's letters. Then, because I had been a master in the Latin School, he brought the conversation round to Thirlwall's "History of Greece," which he had read with interest. Alas! I had never read Thirlwall's "History of Greece." I do not think that there was the least wish to overpower a youngster in this; it was merely the ease with

which he adapted himself to the man whom he was meeting.

I was afterward the very intimate friend of George Jacob Abbot, who was Mr. Webster's confidential secretary when he was Secretary of State under Fillmore. Mr. Abbot used to say that Mr. Webster would rise early in the morning, light his own fire, and work for three hours by himself, really finishing in that time all the business of the day. He knew only too well that "Mr. Unexpected" would take the rest of the day. Accordingly, just when they were all getting to their morning work in the Department, where the hours required attendance at nine o'clock, Mr. Webster would come in as if he were the most unoccupied man in the world. He would stand in front of the fire and say, "Mr. Abbot, what do you think of Pope's rendering of such and such a line in the 'Iliad'? Do you think the Greek word bears this and that? Send a boy for the volume, and let us look at it together." There was perhaps a pretence that he had not been at work at his desk for three hours, just as these gentlemen were beginning to clear off the dockets which they had left over from yesterday.

Strange to say, I do not remember the first

time I ever heard Mr. Webster speak. The first time I ever heard him speak in court was in a case in the Supreme Court at Washington, where he was counsel for the Girard heirs in an effort which they made to overthrow the Girard will. It did not seem to me that his heart was much in the matter. It is in that speech that he made a eulogy on the profession of a minister, which was much cited at that time. Girard had provided in the will that no person who had been ordained to the ministry of religion should ever be permitted inside the walls of his building. In fact, the arrangement has worked no harm, and probably has done some good, in the way in which Girard meant it should.

At that time in Washington I used to go and hear Mr. Webster whenever I could. I remember, in another case in the Supreme Court, a prophetic expression of scorn with which he tore to pieces the claim that something was done "under the rights of police" in a certain city. He said, what proved true enough, that some of us might live to see the time when the imperial Nation should assert its rights over all claims of local police. But the present reader in 1902 must remember that in 1844 the word "police" was new, in the sense in which we use it, as, indeed,

the thing itself was new. The word was familiar enough as describing local regulations. But men were only beginning to understand how far and how often such local regulations might claim to take precedence of national law. Thus, in the year 1844, South Carolina, under a "police regulation," was keeping all free black men in her jails, from the time they arrived in her seaports until the time when their vessels sailed again.

I saw Mr. Webster's power most distinctly on the occasion of what we still call in Boston *the* Faneuil Hall Speech, although he must have spoken in Faneuil Hall hundreds of times. *The* Faneuil Hall Speech, among the men of that time, meant an address of his delivered in September, 1841. I was not then on the staff of the *Daily Advertiser* properly, but it was known that we should need the speech in shorthand, and there were not many shorthand writers, so I was drawn in to do my share of our shorthand report of it. I think this is the report printed in his works. I had, of course, a favorable seat on the platform at Faneuil Hall. The occasion was one of intense interest. The whole North was committed to the Whig party. That party had succeeded in the choice of Harrison. Harrison had

died, and John Tyler, as weak a specimen, if you except Franklin Pierce, as ever was pushed into a place so important, had survived as President. Most of the Cabinet, including all who were supposed to be Mr. Henry Clay's particular friends, withdrew, but Mr. Webster retained his place, for reasons known to himself. The whole body of the Whig party was uneasy about this, and would have been glad to have him resign. He wanted to have some opportunity of meeting his friends, and the appointment for this meeting had been made in consequence. Men gathered from every part of the North to hear this address. I have often seen Faneuil Hall crowded, but I never saw it crowded as it was then. There was not a seat in the hall; men were standing as close as they could be packed; they had to have their hats on because there was no place for the stiff silk hats if they had taken them off, and I remember saying, as we looked down, that a bird could run about on the tops of the hats. There was a universal expectation that he would outline his future course, and probably give instruction for the movement of the Northern part of the party. I look back to it, therefore, as a particular exertion of personal power. He used, in opening, the phrase

which is constantly quoted, "When I look down upon this sea of upturned faces." He did not speak five minutes before he came to what was the real nucleus of the address.

"If any man comes here with any expectation that I shall make any revelation of the policy of the Administration, or of any future action, he will go hence as wise as he came here." This in his most solemn low tones, which people often try to imitate without any success. Then, pausing for a moment as if to enjoy the surprise of the assembly, he went on: "This day's sun will set, leaving me as free to act as duty calls, as when — " and by that time the whole assembly was cheering with the utmost enthusiasm. That sentence was never finished, and this whole assembly of three or four thousand men, some of whom had come a thousand miles to hear him, were rapturously applauding him because he said he would not do the very thing they had expected him to do and wanted him to do.

It is popularly said, and I suppose it is true, that at about that time Mr. Webster tried to make the great manufacturing interests of the North understand that a breach was inevitable between the North and the South, and that any dalliance with any Southern party was no longer

to be hoped for. It is said, and I believe, that Mr. Webster would have been glad then to take the lead at once of the enthusiasm of the North, and to unite the strong feeling latent in the North in some such wave of indignation as united it in 1861. It is said, and I believe, that the leaders of the manufacturing interest failed him, and that it was with a heartsick feeling that he returned to Washington, and that he never had any hearty personal enthusiasm when he played into the hands of our Southern enemies in supporting the compromise measures. This is certain, that the night before he made the speech of March 7, 1850, such men as Stephen Phillips, and other Massachusetts men who were committed to the antislavery feeling of the North, supposed that that speech was to be made in opposition to the compromises which, in fact, Mr. Webster sustained.

I do not know that I should have gone into these little personal reminiscences but for this, that they give me an opportunity to say one thing which ought to be said. Between the years 1826 and 1852, when he died, I must have seen him thousands of times. I must have read thousands of letters from him. I have been I know not how often at his house. My father,

as I say, was his intimate friend. Now, it was to me a matter of the utmost personal surprise when I found, gradually growing up in this country, the impression that Mr. Webster was often, not to say generally, overcome with liquor, in the latter years of his life. I should say that a third part of the anecdotes of him which you find afloat now have reference to occasions when it was supposed that, under the influence of whiskey, he did not know what he was doing. I like to say, therefore, that in the course of twenty-six years, running from the time I was four years old to the time when I was thirty, I never had a dream or thought that he cared anything about wine or liquor — certainly I never supposed that he used it to excess. What is more, I know that my own father, who lived to the year 1864, heard such stories as these with perfect disgust and indignation. This is a good place to print my opinion that this class of stories has been nourished, partly carelessly and partly from worse motives; and that they are not to be taken as real indications of the habit or life of the man.

THE HISTORIANS

CHAPTER II

THE HISTORIANS

IT was by rather a curious chance, as I believe, that a little coterie of historians was brought up in Boston, in the first half of the century. Dr. Palfrey, the oldest of the company, called my attention to the circumstances which seem to have led the earlier studies of these men.

He himself was born in Boston, in 1795. He was the successor of Edward Everett as the minister of Brattle Square Church, the fourth in age of the Boston Congregational churches. He afterward became Professor of Sacred Literature at Cambridge, and a member of Congress. He devoted his later years to his history of New England.

He said to me that, from two or three causes, it happened that the Public Libraries of Boston and of the College were especially strong in the line of history. He said that on this account alone Prescott, Motley, and he himself were drawn, almost without knowing it, into histori-

cal research. You might almost say that there was nothing else they could read, except the Latin and Greek classics. Bancroft was born in Worcester, studied at Cambridge and Göttingen, and after some years at the Round Hill School, Northampton, removed to Boston. Jared Sparks, who took to historical research as a duck takes to water, lived in Boston or Cambridge after he left the active ministry of the Unitarian Church.

And what built up these historical libraries, so strong in "Americana" even to this day?

In 1787 Jeremy Belknap, who had published his "History of New Hampshire" as early as 1784, came back to Boston, where he was born. With several Boston scholars, whose names are not wholly forgotten there, he established the Massachusetts Historical Society. The society made the first considerable public library, which was of course a historical library. It is now one of the most prosperous Historical Societies in the world, and its elegant library is one of the finest buildings in Boston. I am apt to say that the Dowse room is the most elegant room in Boston. It is, unless the Latin School parlor shares that distinction.

JOHN GORHAM PALFREY

Dr. Palfrey, then Mr. Palfrey, christened me on the 19th of May, 1822. I know the date, for I have before me the bill of the "hackman" who took my father, my mother, and the nurse who bore poor me — six weeks old — to the church. Alas! I was counted as nothing in the "hackman's" inventory. [Mem. to outlanders; hackman is New Englandese for coachman, if the coach be hired.] From that time until he died Dr. Palfrey was a kind and thoughtful friend of mine, and, to a generation which does not know him so well, I like to bear my little tribute to his great worth. He was proud of his Massachusetts descent from John Palfrey, one of four pioneers to pioneers, who were in the "Bay" even before Endicott. This is all Greek to all but the people of the Bay. But they, if they be of true metal, understand.

His father was among the early settlers of New Orleans, after the purchase of Louisiana, and thrived there. The son lived a life quite different as minister of Brattle Street and professor at Cambridge. When the father died, it proved that his plantations had many slaves

upon them. If the property were equally divided among his children, forty or fifty of these slaves would "belong" to the Cambridge professor. The Louisiana members of the family knew that he would not like to own slaves, and proposed such a division of the property that the Louisiana heirs might keep the slaves, and our Dr. Palfrey receive something else. No! He would take his share, and in 1838 he went on to New Orleans, received his living chattels, and brought them on to lands of freedom. He placed them, as he best could, with people in the West who would take care of them; but he had a few left with him when he arrived in Boston.

This was a practical, I might say wholesale, bit of abolition, at a time when "Antislavery," so-called, was not popular in the North, least of all among the people who surrounded Dr. Palfrey. He had himself borne his testimony against the methods of Garrison and the other leaders. But people believe in deeds more than in words, and, whether he was an "Abolitionist" or not in paper definitions, he became a leader in the counsels of the Free Soil people and the Republicans. He was one of the editors of the *Commonwealth*. His history of New England is called

JOHN G. PALFREY.
From a painting.

Quincy Adams, he was appointed editor of the "Diplomatic Correspondence" of the country, that first series which is now invaluable to students.[1] My father was a printer, and printed one or two volumes of the book; and I suppose it was this which brought Mr. Sparks to the house often. Whatever was the cause, his presence was always a delight to us children. While he was in the room, books and slates and pencils and paper were pushed away, that we might hear him talk. It seems to me now that I have never seen a man's face which, while strong and efficient, had the same tokens of tenderness. Powers's bust gives some idea of this, and seems to me one of the best portrait busts I ever saw.

He was already collecting materials for his Life of Washington. This meant that he was going from State to State, and from one capital in western Europe to another, to examine, and, if he could, to collect, original documents as to the days of Washington. He picked up anecdotes in this way which brought us, in the thirties of the lately defunct century, into quite close touch with the Revolutionary days.

Lafayette told Sparks this story, at La Grange,

[1] That edition was out of print long since. Dr. Wharton edited the new edition.

Lafayette's home, about the year 1828. Once when he had returned to France in our Revolution, two young princes came to see him, who wanted to join him here, really for the frolic of the adventure. Lafayette thought he ought to warn them that all was not sunshine here, and reminded them that they would have to rough it sometimes. "Certainly, certainly," said one of the princes. "But how little a man needs! With an omelette and a dish of soup, he has enough." The young nobleman thus named, as Lafayette observed, the two articles of diet which at that time could not be found in America between Maine and Georgia.

Bust of Jared Sparks.

When I was in college, Mr. Sparks was appointed Professor of History. I think he was the first Professor of History in any American college, and no happier appointment could have been made here, for a new system. The Sparks profes-

sorship was named for a certain Mr. Fisher, and I am afraid that its first service to the cause of history consists in its preservation of that gentleman's memory. Ours was the first class which heard Sparks's lectures. Most entertaining they were, he had seen so many of the surviving actors of the generation before his own. At this moment, any one who wants to read American history of those times will do well to go to Cambridge and to get, in some proper way, permission to read the Sparks manuscripts. A key will be given to him, as erst to Bluebeard's wife. Then he will be directed to an elegant mahogany sarcophagus, modelled, I think, after the tomb of Scipio. Let him bravely open this tomb and read. After four or five weeks of such joy, he will know more of some of the heroes of the Revolution than any one man of their times did.

Dr. Sparks employed a good many undergraduates in copying for him. I was not one of them, but I knew them all. It was to one of them that he gave the golden rule for young authors: "Read your proof before you send your manuscript to the printer." By this he meant, Let your manuscript be so perfect that no one can mistake what you want to say, and that you shall be satisfied when you see yourself in type.

Let young authors know that this rule involves the great art of making yourself agreeable to editors.

GEORGE BANCROFT

GEORGE BANCROFT.
After a photograph by Fredricks.

My relations with Mr. Bancroft were intimate in many of the later years of his life, and even from my boyhood he was very kind to me. In the summer of 1834 I was sitting in the parlor, reading aloud to my mother, when my father came into the room smiling and said, "Here's Mr. Bancroft. The first volume of his history is finished, and it is to be put to press." Mr. Bancroft had called to advise with my father as to the printing of the first volume of his history.

He was a tall, black-haired young man, quick and active in his movements, and smiled with the same gracious smile which afterward for more than fifty years I knew so well. The preface of the first edition is dated on the 16th of June, 1834; in it he says: "I have formed the design of writing a history of the United States, from the discovery of the American continent to the present time." And near the end he says: "The work which I have undertaken will necessarily extend to four or perhaps five volumes."

In fact, the work extended to twelve volumes, and then came down only to the inauguration of George Washington as President.

Five years later, in 1839, I came to see him and know him as I have said, intimately. He had in the meanwhile removed his residence to Boston, where he had been appointed by President Van Buren Collector of the Customs. This is one of the truly serviceable ways which Mr. Van Buren's party discovered for showing their appreciation of men. Mr. Bancroft had loyally and courageously thrown himself into the Democratic balance while almost all of his old companions, the scholars and men of letters in New England, were opposed with the most deadly

hatred to Jackson and what they called "his crew." It proved, however, that Mr. Bancroft was not a bad man of business, and afterward, as Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Polk, he showed capacity for administration, — for original administration.

I had enlisted in the service of my native town of Boston as under-teacher in her Latin School; and, in a very bright class of boys who were interesting to me, found the two stepsons of Bancroft, William Davis Bliss, who afterward distinguished himself at the Bar in California, and Alexander Bliss, who was an active soldier in the Civil War, and is remembered with pleasure in Washington, which he made his after home. If I dared, I would print here Latin verses which the brothers Bliss wrote under my eye when they were in their teens.

Mr. Bancroft had an earnest and, I need not say, intelligent interest in the education of these fine boys, and from this interest it happened that he used to let me walk with him when he took his constitutional after his work was done. In those days people who had but little leisure, but who had some, used to "walk around the Common." This was an almost standard "constitutional." I remember one night, as we

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walked through the Charles Street Mall, the moon rose just when the sun was setting; and Bancroft repeated in German Schiller's fine lines where he describes such a moonrise.

It is now the fashion of the younger race of historical students to make fun of Mr. Bancroft, as if he did not rise to their heights or sink to their depths, and as if he did not handle with care the original authorities. For this ridicule or contempt there is really no foundation but that he does not like to be dull, as some men do; and undoubtedly he worked a good deal over the style of his writing. He told me once that when he had been digging among old manuscripts or public documents he never permitted himself to write until he had read a chapter or two of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Now, you may be sure that Dr. Sparks never took any such trouble as that, nor Richard Hildreth. No! nor dear Dr. Palfrey. Prescott did, and Motley, and Irving, and who will may observe the difference. For one, I am much obliged to anybody who tries to make it easy for me to read. According to me, you might as well write with white ink on white paper as write anything in a language so dull that nobody wants to read it.

This is true, that Bancroft was an American from the end of the whitest hair on his head down to the end of the toe of his winter arctics. He believed that "the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy." [1] He believed in the government of the people for the people by the people. It was very hard, therefore, in any special case to persuade him that the people intentionally did wrong. But he could give way to the evidence. And no grandson of a Revolutionary officer could cajole him or frighten him into saying that the grandfather did right on some occasion when Bancroft thought he did wrong.

Also, Mr. Bancroft believed in God, and that the Power who makes for righteousness takes an interest in human affairs. For instance, he really believed that there is a course in history, and that events are not in a state of constant happening; that there is a divine element of human life in history, of which a wise man, though he be only a small arc in the curve himself, can know something and can tell something. I believe that the fine exquisites of the modern school have no such faith. I believe that they think that events are not events,

[1] Lyman Abbott's prescription.

that everything happens, and you might as well read history from the bottom of the page to the top as from the top to the bottom. Mr. Bancroft had no such theory of human life.

Here is a little scrap from a private note which is perfectly characteristic of the man: —

"Truth is the first object. If you detected any errors of omission or commission, I hope you will send me the list of them.

"And let me ask if you met with any words which offended you as obsolete. One of my Eastern critics, mixing up praise of the book for 'great vivacity and interest,' adds: 'I only regret that Little & Brown did not send out the glossary of obsolete words, which one requires almost as much as in Chaucer. These blemishes would sink an ordinary work. They are mere youthful affectations, and will, I have no doubt, disappear in the next edition.' Tell me candidly if this criticism has a *soupçon* of justice to it. I am not aware of what gave rise to it; but if a justifying cause for it exist, I want to know it."

I had called his attention to his mistake in his original account of Bunker Hill, in which he cited a despatch of Burgoyne's. I had even told

him that if he had given at the bottom of the page a reference to the despatch, he would have saved himself the mistake. I was at that time hardly half his age, and I would not tell the story now, but to say that to the happy accident by which I corrected a few trifling errors like this I owed the flow of a stream of friendship which I constantly enjoyed for all the rest of his life.

Mr. Bancroft from the first to the last was most generous in giving the use of his invaluable records to any one who wanted them. In Europe he had collected manuscripts which were simply priceless. One is glad to say that now they are the property of the United States, and anybody who is at work on any historical subject may go into that matchless library of his and work an hour, or a day, or a week, as he likes.

I never heard Mr. Bancroft speak with regret of his inability to bring up his history to the period in which he was writing. As I have said, the preface to the first volume, in the first edition, expresses his hope that in five volumes he should bring up the history "to the present time." The present time was 1833. In fact, the twelve volumes of the history come to the

adoption of the Federal Constitution. We who were younger used to laugh about his slow progress, though I do not remember that I ever dared call his attention to it. But, in fact, the great critical volume, the volume on the outbreak of the American Revolution, while it covers but eighteen months of history, was four years later in date than the volume which preceded it; and among ourselves we used to say that this fortune was like that of the frog who hopped up two feet every day in the well which was his prison and fell down three feet every night.

But, in truth, it is quite as well that Mr. Bancroft's attention should have been concentrated on the years to which he gave his life as a historian. Alas, we know so little of what passes in our own time! And Mr. Adams, with the resources open to him, has been able to write for us a much better history of the reigns of Jefferson and Madison than Mr. Bancroft could have done twenty years before, with the resources open to him. Here I speak with some personal feeling. In the spring of the year 1880 I received from the editors of Bryant and Gay's History a somewhat urgent appeal, begging me to write at once for them their chapters covering the period from 1801 to 1812, because there had

been a mistake in the arrangements for that history. It is one of the admirable composite histories invented in our later times, in which the different chapters are confided to different hands. In the very short time assigned to me I did the best I could; and, as poor Pilate said, "what is written is written." But as soon as I had the good fortune to read Mr. Adams's volumes, I had the regret, I will not say the mortification, to see that about half of what I had written was all wrong. I had taken the outside view, that which men chose to print in newspapers and public documents. Now, in the cabinets which had been thrown open to Mr. Adams in England, in France, and in Washington, he had the daily photograph, the snap-shots, which reveal the inner motives of the men who acted.

Mr. Bancroft was quite sure that it was he who made James Knox Polk President of the United States; and to the last he thought that he did the country great service by doing so. Indeed, it was a little curious to me to see that a man of his wide sweep — a man who was accustomed to generalize very freely — could persuade himself that Mr. Polk was an important person in any way; or, indeed, that his

election was anything but a misfortune to the country. All the same, Mr. Bancroft did think so, and he would tell the story of the crisis in the nominating Convention, in which he introduced Mr. Polk — a "dark horse" — and rallied to this new banner the support of both factions, which had been in contention in the Democratic Convention. What followed, naturally enough, was a close and cordial intimacy between him and Mr. Polk, in whose Cabinet Mr. Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy. And I feel sure that he told me that, at Mr. Polk's request, he had prepared, or was preparing, a life of Mr. Polk. This, I think, has never been published. He showed me Mr. Polk's very full diary, written out neatly and elegantly, which will one day come to light, with some very curious views, I fancy, on the politics of the time.

There is an anecdote of the day, worth quoting, that when Henry Clay, who was the opposition candidate, received the news of Mr. Polk's nomination, he said, with an oath, "Beat again! A new man!" In truth the election was very close. The defection of the Liberty party in New York to Mr. Birney lost the State of New York to Mr. Clay, and Mr. Polk was chosen.

I like to remember my visits at Newport to

Mr. Bancroft in his beautiful summer home. We may say what we choose about fashion, but fashion is apt to choose well in its choice of its resorts. At Newport you have what for northern climates is to be called the kingdom of heaven upon earth, so far as physical conditions go — that is to say, you have your south wind off the sea. And at Newport one does not wonder that the hardly pressed Algonquin aborigines of New England conceived of heaven as a region in the southwest.

One of the pleasantest nooks of the eastern side of Newport was Mr. Bancroft's summer home, and here he had his roses. He was no mere dabster or amateur about roses, to go out in the morning and snip off some beautiful blossoms, of whose birth and growth he knew nothing. He was really a fellow-worker with God in bringing those roses to their perfection. Now, a perfect rose is the most exquisite visible symbol which we have of what happens when man the child works with God the Father, and when together they bring about what they are working for. It is therefore, always a pleasure to recollect that Bancroft and Francis Parkman, in the midst of their hard work that we might know something, had heart

and time and insight and inspiration and determination and courage enough to help the world forward in the creation of perfect roses.

RICHARD HILDRETH

The country owes a great deal to the diligence with which Richard Hildreth collected the materials for his history of the United States, published between the years 1849 and 1856. But the book has never been what is called a popular book. It is one instance more of the failure of a brilliant story-teller when he comes down to hard-pan, as the ungodly say, and has to address himself to the business of narrative where he is, so to speak, chained by his facts.

As early as 1836 Mr. Hildreth wrote a very brilliant novel, "Archy Moore, or the White Slave." In Mr. Howells's "Reminiscences" he has told us the impression that that book made on him even in his boyhood. If anybody chose to look up my college themes, he would find my review of the book written at the time it was printed.

But Mr. Hildreth, like so many other men who hold a light pen, was chained to the galley oar of journalism through the greater part of his literary life.

He lived in Boston, and I should have known him personally, but that he was the editor of the *Atlas*, which was the rival daily to the *Advertiser*, which was in our family.

When the novelist Smollett was set to the job of writing the history of England, he made one of the stupidest books which it has been the duty of people afterward to read. Walter Scott did not fare much better when he wrote the "Life of Napoleon." Mr. Hildreth's book is much more readable than either of these, but it carries with it the fault that it is written while many of the men are alive whose work is to be explained, and the secrets are not unlocked which they have taken care to guard. At this moment we know a great deal more of the history of the Revolution, one hundred

RICHARD HILDRETH.

and twenty-five years ago, than Washington or Franklin or John Adams knew. They knew some things that we do not know and nobody ever will know; but we know many more which were hidden from them. Men in political life are specially disposed to "cover their tracks" as the slang phrase has it. They keep a great deal concealed. "Argus-eyed press" tries to make us believe that it sees everything; but it does not see everything. Indeed it sees curiously little. And a history made from newspapers alone is a very poor history.

For this reason Mr. Hildreth's History, like many other books of good authority which could be named, presents itself to the reader as a digest of public documents, and we do not get the local color, or what the artists like to call the broken lines of the foreground.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

I must not say that my own relations with Mr. Prescott were intimate, but they were cordial. Mr. Prescott, like Mr. Bancroft, had no jealousies, and always did a favor to another student if he could.

Of one of such favors I enjoyed the results, in a droll way, long after his death.

I was a youngster in my last year in college, when the President, Josiah Quincy, sent for me. He said, very pleasantly, that he thought I should like after I left college to earn my own living; or, as he put it, to be independent of my father in matters of money. I said that that was certainly my wish. Then he said that Mr. Prescott had told him he might offer me the position of his reader or amanuensis, a proposal which I received with joy. As the reader probably knows, Prescott was nearly blind. In some college foolery in commons some one struck his eye with a heavy crust of bread and wounded it so that, for the purposes of reading, both of his eyes were eventually

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.
From a stipple engraving.

useless. One likes to say in parenthesis that Prescott would never tell the name of the fool by whose carelessness he lost his sight.

Now, Prescott had finished his "Ferdinand and Isabella" with only such aid in reading and writing as he had from an assistant who did not know the Spanish language. This man did not even take the pains to acquire the very simple rules for its pronunciation, and he read the Spanish words to Mr. Prescott as if they were English. When, in the winter of 1838–1839, Prescott was well at work on his Cortes, he determined to have a reader who could understand and pronounce Spanish, and had permitted Mr. Quincy to ask me to fill the place. As I have said, I was delighted, and I said so. So I went to see Mr. Prescott, who was kindness itself and engaged me. I had to confess that I did not read Spanish, but I told him I would get it up at once, and in fact I went to dear old Francis Sales, the Spanish teacher at Cambridge, and entered with him as a special student.

But, alas and alas! that happy week was not over before I received a courteous note from Mr. Prescott to say that he found that a friend of his had definitely offered the place of reader to another person, and that this young gentleman

had accepted it. There was nothing for me but to bear my disappointment and to give up my hopes of seeing the Cortes in my own handwriting. Prescott was most kind and thoughtful in the whole business.

PRESCOTT'S HOME AT PEPPERELL, MASS.
From an engraving by J. Kirk.

Now see what followed. Forty-three years after, I was in Madrid. I had gone there to make some studies and collect some books for the history of the Pacific, which, with a prophetic instinct, I have always wanted to write. Different friends gave me letters of introduction, and among others the gentlemen of the Spanish Embassy here were very kind to me.

They gave me four such letters, and when I was in Madrid and when I was in Seville it seemed as though every door flew open for me and every facility was offered me.

It was not until I was at home again that I came to know the secret of these most diligent civilities. I still had one of my Embassy letters which I had never presented. I read it for the first time, to learn that I was the coadjutor and friend of the great historian Prescott through all his life, that I was his assistant through all his historical work, and, indeed, for these reasons, no American was more worthy of the consideration of the gentlemen in charge of the Spanish archives. It was certainly by no fault of mine that an exaggeration so stupendous had found its way to the Spanish Legation. Somebody had said, what was true, that Prescott was always good to me, and that our friendship began when he engaged me as his reader. And, what with translating this simple story, what with people's listening rather carelessly and remembering rather carelessly, by the time my letters were drafted I had become a sort of "double" of Mr. Prescott himself. I hope that I shall never hear that I disgraced him.

WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving is the senior in the group of the American historians. He was one year older than my father. I might have known him earlier and better than I did but for an unfortunate fit of modesty, such as belongs, perhaps, to a man's twentieth year. In the summer of 1840 I had escaped from the daily duty of school-keeping, and four of us highly determined that we would take our vacation in what was then a long journey — I think to each of us the longest of our lives. We were to go to New York by the route through the Sound, we were to go up the North River to Catskill and West Point, and then from Albany we were to go by stage-coach to Springfield, and so by Springfield to Boston. Let the economical reader observe that my father, hav-

WASHINGTON IRVING.
Painted by D. Wilkie at Seville, April 23, 1828.

ing built the railway from Boston to Springfield, could give us free passes home. I remember my brother said of the journey that we spent Sunday in Springfield because we had nothing else to spend there.

This is too long a preface, but it may stand as explaining how I came to be in New York for the first time, and, in a fashion, why I did not see Irving while I was there. My dear uncle Alexander Everett had been good enough to give me a cordial note of introduction to Bryant, who was editing the *Evening Post* in New York, and one to Irving, who was living at Tarrytown. When we came to New York my courage failed me, and I did not dare go to see Bryant. I knew, of course, that I could give him no pleasure; I knew also that I should take something of his time; and I kept the letter, not to present it to him until twenty-five years had gone by.

As to Irving, just the same difficulties presented themselves. The letter to Irving remained unused from 1840 to 1859. In that year I made my first visit to Niagara, and, by way of picking up a dropped stitch, I went round by New York and the Hudson and stopped at Tarrytown, provided with the

letter of introduction, now eighteen years old, and with another one given me by Edward Everett. Irving was cordiality itself in his welcome of me and of a young friend who was my fellow-traveller. He showed us the places of historical interest around his beautiful Sunnyside, and, best of all, he talked with the greatest freedom of his work in history. I pleased him by telling him with how much pleasure I was reading aloud at home the closing volume of his "Life of Washington," and I said that he had the power, which few people have, of giving to diplomacy and matters of state the interest which is supposed to belong to adventure and to battle. This pleased him, and I remember he said that "rub-a-dub and roro-toro" were more apt to catch the ear than more quiet discussions of the Cabinet and of the Senate.

Irving's relation to the literature of the country, and especially to its historical literature, make a very important part of any connected history of the century. His welcome to me in 1859 was an echo from a former generation. He had been living in London for a year or more when my uncle Alexander Everett wrote him from Madrid that Navarette's book on the

original Columbus papers had been published, and that it would be a good thing if he would translate it or otherwise prepare it for American readers. Irving was well pleased at the suggestion, and came to Madrid, where Mr. Everett considered him as a Secretary of Legation, and there in that charming Spanish home Irving's career as a historian began.

MOTLEY AND PARKMAN

To return to Boston, certainly it is unusual that a little community, such as ours here, in the years between 1810 and 1850, should have educated a group of historians like Palfrey, Prescott, Motley, Parkman, and Higginson. The remark with which I began this chapter, is to be taken into account; I think that one has a right to say that the romance or picturesqueness of our early history in "the Bay" is to be considered also. In a way, you might say that all five of these men were educated in the same way, they were fitted for Harvard College in the Boston Schools, or the schools of the neighboring villages. Prescott graduated seventeen years before Motley; and Motley, only seventeen years old, graduated thirteen years before Parkman. As one of the little company who are

left of Professor Edward Tyrrel Channing's boys at Cambridge, it is a pleasure to me to say that he taught Motley and Parkman how to write English. This reader does not know that we old stagers think that if you give us one hundred pages of Harvard College nineteenth-century English, we can tell whether it were written by men who graduated before 1850, when Channing withdrew from his professorship, or after.

Miss Sullivan said of our dear Helen Keller, when she was asked why Helen Keller wrote better English than the group of other people who were in correspondence with her, "You forget that Helen never read any bad English." Motley and Parkman, heaven knows, had occasions enough to read bad English and bad French and bad Dutch and bad Algonquin; but some guardian genius or other, may I not say Edward Tyrrel Channing or his spirit? brooded over them, and the good English is there, as it is in what Higginson writes, as it was in what Emerson and Lowell and Holmes wrote.

When Mr. Webster and the short-lived Harrison dynasty came in, there was a chance to appoint such men as Motley to posts abroad; and he became, in 1841, Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. But he remained there only

eight months, and returned to America, not to enter the diplomatic service again until he was appointed to Vienna at the beginning of the Civil War. Charles Sumner told me once, that when Lincoln was making up his first lists of appointments, he affected to be a little annoyed by the pressure which New England, and especially Massachusetts, brought to bear. To tell the truth, we had some men in Massachusetts of whom we need not be ashamed, and one of them, Charles Francis Adams, was appointed to London, and another, John Lothrop Motley, to Vienna, two of the principal foreign appointments given to so small a State. When the last of these principal nominations was made, Lincoln said to Sumner, "Now, Mr. Sumner, I hope you will give me a little time before I hear from Massachusetts again." This was only a few days, however, before the 19th of April, 1861, when Sumner and Lincoln were together at the White House, and it was announced that the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment had fought its way through Baltimore, and was at the moment placed in garrison at the Capitol. Sumner said to Lincoln, with some satisfaction, "Mr. President, you are glad to hear from Massachusetts to-day."

I might attempt to review in a few lines the preposterous intrigues which made Motley throw up his appointment at Vienna, but I do not, partly because it is a pity to remember them, and again, because the whole story has been admirably told by Dr. Holmes. As a diplomatist in England, he was honored and beloved. He was fortunate, in that he had been acquainted somewhat intimately with Bismarck, when he was in Göttingen, in college. Let the reader recollect that as late as 1861 Prince Bismarck was so little known by the average American that his name was not included in Appleton's "Cyclopedia," the *B* volume of which was printed in that year. I have been amused and half provoked to find in some of the machine-made biographies of Motley, that his "History of the Dutch Republic," one of the world's standard histories to-day, was written as if by accident. It is told as if he drank his cup of coffee in the morning, and said, "What would you do to-day?" and somebody asked, "Why not write a history of the Dutch Republic?" and he said, "I think I will." The truth is, that he had been studying it for years; and when Prescott approached that subject, in the series of his histories, Motley explained to him how much

time and effort he had given to it, and placed himself and his material wholly at Prescott's disposal.

Holmes told me with the greatest pleasure once that Motley told him that two lines of Holmes's had been to him an inspiration and a direction. Motley had been living with his wife and his little children in one place and another in the Netherlands, so that he might read these time-stained manuscripts in crabbed Dutch, in preparation for his history. You might say that nobody in the world cared for it. His old friends even wondered why he exiled himself. Dutch! Why should a man like Motley bother himself about Dutch! There and thus came the moments of depression and discouragement. Holmes said that Motley told him that once when he was all worn out in his work, these two lines braced him up and helped him through,

> "Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
> But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip."

Holmes's very careful study of Motley's life, printed first in the Transactions of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is a book which will do no end of good to those young people, of whom there are none too many, to whom the literary career is something serious.

Motley was a through and through American. There are some very interesting reminiscences, some of which are written by Howells, who was our Consul-general in the Adriatic when Motley was at Vienna. I always recollect, with a certain amusement, the half despair and half fun with which he spoke to me just before he sailed for Europe in 1858. I met him and said to him, "Really, you give us very little time here." And he said: "Well, you have nothing in Boston for a man of leisure. I thought I should enjoy a few months of leisure after my work in Holland, but you will have to hang up in the harbor, across the channel between Fort Independence and Castle Winthrop, a banner which shall be inscribed with Boston's motto, 'No admittance except on business.'"

FRANCIS PARKMAN

Francis Parkman entered college just after I left it. The memoranda, only too brief, in Mr. Farnham's charming life, show how early his heart was set on the career which has proved so fortunate to his country and the world. "We see Parkman as a child, from eight to thirteen years of age, living on his grandfather's farm at Medford, where he developed his love of nature

by roaming in the woods of the Middlesex Fells." When a college student he followed on foot the route of Rogers from Lake Memphremagog to the Connecticut.

He was one of the first travellers to see Crawford's mountain house, at Mt. Washington, in 1841, having ridden up, on Tom Crawford's bridle path. He went to Maine to study the Indians near Bangor and to collect traditions of their wars with the Mohawks; and as early as 1842 he was mistaken for an Indian while at supper in a country tavern, in Cambridge, Vermont. It was as early as 1846 that he made his home for the summer with a party of Ogilallah Indians in that experience so invaluable to him afterward which he has described in the "Oregon Trail."

Such are perhaps sufficient illustrations of his determination to know what he is talking about when he writes history. He belongs to the realists of our century. Walter Scott did not choose to put lilies and roses into his poetry, but chose to name the weeds which the country people picked upon the hillsides. Parkman did not choose to describe the Indian march or the Indian village until he had tramped in one or lived in the other. And this will be found to be the

distinction between the school of history of today and that of the Humes, the Smolletts, the Gibbons and Mitfords. If anybody cares, it is this which makes the histories written in the last half century so much more entertaining than those written a hundred years before.

I lived too near to him to maintain any extensive correspondence with him. If I wanted to know anything, I asked him and he told me. I like to remember him as I saw him on the last day I ever spoke with him. He was an enthusiastic lover of flowers and he was sitting on a little walking stool which he carried with him in his garden, because he could not stand easily for any length of time. And we talked not of the Algonquin language, but of the flowers which he had brought into being by his own care. His name survives in the Lilium Parkmanii, a Japanese lily which by cultivation is magnified into such enormous size that an Englishman bought it for one thousand dollars in 1876. He also brought out new varieties of other flowers. The Bussey Institute published a list of the flowers of all sorts in his garden in Bulletin No. 15.

From my own autograph book I copy one note. When I wrote my history of Kansas and

Nebraska, he was one of the handful of white men who had ever seen the valley of the La Platte. I wrote to him to inquire about the wood which could be used by emigrants. This is his reply: —

July 28, 1854.

"It is so long since I was in the country to which you refer, that my recollection of it is a little faded. I crossed the Black Range twice, at different points, within fifty miles south of the North Fork of the Platte, and penetrated it elsewhere within the same limits. The chief growth is cottonwood and poplars; but there are pines and firs of very considerable size, though not in great number. In some of the valleys and gorges there is a thick growth of tall and slender spruces. No walnut is found. Pines of good size are sometimes to be seen on the adjacent open prairies, growing singly or in small groups. I did not penetrate the mountains between Laramie Plains and the head of the Arkansas, but from a little distance they often appear studded thickly with firs and pines. They are, in other places, quite bare. I should think that the country could supply pine timber enough to be of essential service to settlers, though they would have to rely chiefly on the sun-baked

bricks for building. If this region is ever good for anything, it will be for pasturage.

"You speak of the Arapahoe language. I remember trying to distinguish their words, but one might as well try to find articulate sounds in the growling 'of a bear.'"

As it happened, Parkman ascended Mt. Washington for the first time in the same summer in which I made my first ascent there. So it happens that I have at hand a copy of his journal of that summer. Here is a little scrap from it. Is not this good description for a boy in his eighteenth year?

"On each side, thousands of feet below, stretched a wide valley, girt with an amphitheatre of mountains rising peak after peak like the black waves of the sea, the clouds now sinking over their summits, now rising and breaking, disclosing yet more distant ranges, and thus settling thick and heavy so that nothing was visible but the savage rocks and avalanche slides of the neighboring mountains looming dimly through the mist. At length the clouds closed around and we could not even see one another, and we descended Mount Pleasant in darkness."

Parkman died on the 8th of November, 1893. My son Robert had a young student's enthusiasm for Parkman, but I am afraid they never met. Robert wrote this sonnet on his death: —

"With youth's blue sky and charming sunlight blest
And flushed with hope, he set himself to trace
The fading footprints of a banished race,
Unmindful of the storm-clouds in the west.
In silent pain and torments unconfessed,
Determination written on his face,
He struggled on, nor faltered in his pace
Until his work was done and he could rest.

"He was no frightened paleface stumbling through
An unknown forest, wandering round and round.
Like his own Indians, with instinct fine,
He knew his trail, though none saw how he knew;
Reckoned his time and reached his camping ground
Just as the first white stars began to shine."

How pleasant a thing it would be to give here even a little sketch of the work of Mr. Higginson as a historian. In the wide range of his duties, as soldier, preacher, poet, and indeed, liberator of mankind in general, he does not forget that he descends from John Higginson, the first "teacher" of the first Puritan congregation in "the Bay," a pioneer to the pioneers, as I said of John Palfrey. But I could write nothing

ANTISLAVERY

miration, and I might almost say reverence, of those who have read his histories, or of those who have been guided and blessed by his simple statements of the most profound realities of the infinite life of man.

Of Mr. Henry Adams's masterly work, which will be prized more and more with every new year, I have already spoken.

ANTISLAVERY

CHAPTER III

ANTISLAVERY

SEVENTY YEARS

ANY fond hope which I may have had, when the kind reader and I began on these papers, that we could condense into twelve articles any series of such reminiscences as we have written, has already been sadly abandoned.

How can we treat this hustling, jostling, bustling half-century which we have seen with our eyes, as we did that half-century of myth and tradition which our forefathers lived in?

There is so much of it, so much of invention, so much of discovery, such miracles in religion, such marvels in politics!

The reign of God is so much closer!

Why, in 1830, George Henry Corliss took out his first patent for the Cut-off. That one man added fifteen per cent to the working power of the human race by that invention. Will a score or two of historians write that out for us?

And then we will be ready to trace out what

has followed on gutta-percha, or Grove's sustaining battery, or the spectroscope, and a thousand other such trifles.

So far as this reader and I are concerned, from this time forward we must make only a selection from the great range of subjects which belong in the study of the miraculous change of the world in the last century.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND WENDELL PHILLIPS.

That matter of internal improvement, touched upon only too briefly already in Chapter VII., is an illustration of the change wrought by work in one direction. There are hundreds of others which any one who reads with any system ought to follow out, if he really means to comprehend the difference between his own life and his grandfather's. Thus, in 1801 there was a very

considerable maritime commerce. We built the best ships in the world from as good ship timber as there was in the world. Before this, in the Revolution, in the sea fights of Lord Howe and D'Estaing and Paul Jones and the Spanish captains — the spars in every ship built by either of the four nations were spars from the forests of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, or New York. I have seen men who had seen pine trees in the New Hampshire woods which still bore King George's broad arrow. This was the sign that they were selected for the King's Navy.

The people who built ships with such advantages could man them with the best seamen in the world — the descendants of Danes and Norwegians, men whose ancestors had been trained since the Cabots' time, at least, in the fog-banks and among the icebergs of the fisheries.

And there were, thank God! enough of such men. New England had more such men fighting King George upon the ocean in 1780 and 1781 than King George had on the same ocean fighting America. The ocean commerce, for which such men were bred, consisted in 1801 in the exportation to Europe of furs, hides, potash, tobacco, timber, and other forest

productions; and to the West Indies of almost every article of agricultural produce. In return, these ships brought back almost all the manufactured articles which America needed. Thus the steam-engine which Fulton placed in the *Clermont* was made by Watt and Boulton in England. We were beginning also to sell the "notions" of our seaboard, with only too much of the rum which we made from West India molasses, to the redskins on the Pacific. They gave us in return the otter skins and beaver skins and sables which we carried across to the mandarins of China, from whom we brought teas and silks and chinaware and the other wonders of the East. But long before the century ended, Cotton had asserted itself as king; we were no longer importing our nankeens and calicoes and muslins and other textiles with Chinese or Sanscrit names. We were sending our long-cloths to Canton and our bales of cotton over all the world. The great three-deckers which carried out our cotton to England were fitted for their return with the partitions for families and the berths for bedding which should meet the needs of five million people who had to leave the old hemisphere for the new.

The introduction of home manufacture and the creation of machinery dependent on home manufacture and the railway system make up another of the revolutions of the century. The emigration from east to west, frowned on by Brahmins and Pundits, but insisted on by the determined sagacity of the People, is another of those revolutions.

And at the heart of such physical changes there were advances in intellectual training, in morals, and of course in social order. Take the higher education of women. At the beginning of the century the Moravian School at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, was the only school in America to which young women were sent for any considerable distance for intellectual improvement. And in the public-school system of the country, so far as there was any such system, girls had not even the poor chance which boys had.

But it is idle even to make a catalogue of visible changes in social order which have taken place in the last two generations — I will not say even three. Let me cite only the least instance of all, of advances which ought to be touched upon. Take the history of the chemical match. In the year 1782 William

Franklin, in Paris, wrote to the chemists who had sold him chemical matches for fire that he would like to show some friends the new chemical match. They replied on the first of October: "We have sent for some phosphoric matches, but Monsieur Detopierre had none made. We have one which we send you. . . . To-morrow we shall have more, and if you need to send to us, we will send you a dozen."

It is an interesting thing to look back on a day when there was but one chemical match in Paris. But as late as 1828 I and my brother introduced the chemical match into the ménage of my father's family. Until that time the old-fashioned tinder-box, a machine which I cannot buy in Boston to-day, presided on the mantelpiece in our kitchen. We boys introduced what were called phosphorus matches. We bought them at the apothecaries', giving twenty-five cents for a case. You dipped the match, which was made of chlorate of potash, into a sponge which was charged with sulphuric acid. Think of the new light which has come to every household in America in the seventy-four years that have passed since! And let some young man who has five years before him, give an account in his history of the cen-

tury, of the introduction of the friction match and of the thousands on thousands of years which it has saved to the human family.

The friction match, then, ought to make one chapter in these memoirs. But there are a thousand other advances of more importance.

To name Ideas, instead of things, the great Missionary Movements, so far as America is concerned, began in this century. The Temperance Societies and many other philanthropic institutions belong in our Hundred Years. The whole history of emigration from Europe, after 1640, belongs to them, with but a few exceptional incidents, such as Oglethorpe's enterprise and William Penn's. The opening up of the West is one of the advances of the Kingdom of God.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.
From the portrait by Gambardella.

The whole system of manufacture is another; the development of the treasures which the good God left scattered around loose in the shape of metals is another; and I might go on, literally with a thousand more.

All of these changes were dominated by the assertion of the moral laws. Man is nearer to God, and he knows better how near God is to him, than he knew in the year 1801. Man knows that God loves him. The fable of total depravity has gone where it belongs, and man does not pretend even to believe that he is a child of the devil. With this great discovery the whole of life is changed. There are new heavens and there is a new earth.

For the remaining chapters of this series, then, I am to select only three or four steps of the progress which God's children have made in America. I shall select them merely as my own personal life illustrates them. And it is almost of course that the first of these steps, however briefly it is spoken of, should be the advance which the country made in the abolition of slavery. This is a business which began with seriousness in the debates on the Missouri Compromise in 1819. It is a business, also, which is not finished yet. But let us hope that, with

the new Commission of Education, with the triumphs, really miraculous, of Hampton, Calhoun, Tuskegee, Snow Hill, and the rest, we need not give up the game. With such triumphs to reassure us, we may look forward and not back.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY

I bring together a very few notes and a few personal recollections to serve as what I call "broken lights" which to a certain extent illustrate conditions which are often misunderstood.

There seems to have been, when the century began, an indifference, which is now curious, as to the critical and universal importance of a radical solution of all the questions regarding slavery. I have already said that I have found no writer who at that time regarded the matter of slavery as indicating the cleavage line between North and South. Gouverneur Morris, whom I have cited, spoke of the antagonism as that between five oligarchies and eight republics. The distinction is absolutely correct, but he does not refer in form to slavery, out of which the oligarchies were created. In the critical election of 1801 Jefferson was the Southern candidate and

Burr the Northern. But Burr, until he died, never cared a straw for slavery, while Jefferson at that time would have been called an anti-slavery man.

In a measure, this indifference may be referred to the outside fact that there were still a few slaves in most of the Northern States. In Rhode Island, and perhaps one might say in Pennsylvania, there were so many as to incline the people of those States against entering on any radical projects for abolition. In Philadelphia, however, there did exist the strong repugnance of the Quakers to slavery, a repugnance which from an early time had shown itself in public "testimonies" and in the habits of domestic life.

For some reason there certainly was a general indifference to the subject, which, as I have said, seems curious when we think of the catastrophes which have followed. We look back now on slavery and its consequences as involving a terrible war, and conditions of social life which carry with them our most dangerous problems. But for the first twenty years of the century the discussion may be called purely academic, and indeed it hardly assumes that importance. To my own mind the real distinction of the great

CAUTION!!

COLORED PEOPLE

OF BOSTON, ONE & ALL,

You are hereby respectfully CAUTIONED and advised, to avoid conversing with the

Watchmen and Police Officers of Boston,

For since the recent ORDER OF THE MAYOR & ALDERMEN, they are empowered to act as

KIDNAPPERS

AND

Slave Catchers,

And they have already been actually employed in KIDNAPPING, CATCHING, AND KEEPING SLAVES. Therefore, if you value your LIBERTY, and the *Welfare of the Fugitives* among you, *Shun* them in every possible manner, as so many *HOUNDS* on the track of the most unfortunate of your race.

Keep a Sharp Look Out for KIDNAPPERS, and have TOP EYE open.

***APRIL* 24, 1851.**

THEODORE PARKER'S PLACARD.

Placard written by Theodore Parker, and printed and posted by the Vigilance Committee of Boston after the rendition of Thomas Sims to slavery in April, 1851.

antislavery agitators of the beginning is that they forecast the future truly. Even now I do not see that any of them can make any other claim to statesmanship. It seems fair to say that the moral sense of the Christian world becomes more quick with every year; and that the absolute wrong of slavery asserted itself more and more distinctly as this improvement went forward.

You can find traces of the dislike of slavery, not from economical grounds, but simply on moral principle, almost as far back as John Hawkins, who invented the English slave-trade. Hawkins lived long enough to fight against the Spanish Armada. I am the more interested in him because the genealogies say that he is my grandfather's great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather, or something of that sort. What I know is that because he invented the English slave-trade Queen Elizabeth knighted him and gave him for a crest a "kneeling blackamoor."

As early as the "Body of Liberties," printed in 1641, the General Court declared, "There shall never be any bond slaverie, villenage, or captivitie, unless it be lawful captives, taken in just wars, and such strangers as willingly sell themselves or are sold to us." And all captives

or foreigners, free or not free, are at liberty to come to any public court, and, either by speech or writing, to make any motion.

But within fifty years of Hawkins's death, when the first slaves were brought into Massachusetts Bay, the General Court sent them back again with a stiff protest which declares

"The Gen^rall Co^rte, conceiving themselues bound by y^e first opportunity to bear witnes against y^e haynos & crying sinn of man stealing, as also to pscribe such timely redresse for what is past, & such a law for y^e future as may sufficiently deterr all oth^rs belonging to us to have to do in such vile & most odious courses, iustly abhored of all good and iust men, do order y^t y^e negro interpreter, w^th oth^rs unlawfully taken, be, by y^e first oportunity, (at y^e charge of y^e country for psent) sent to his native country of Ginny, & a letter w^th him of y^e indignation of y^e Corte thereabouts, & iustice hereof, desireing o^r hono^red Gov^rn^r would please to put this order in execution.

"The Cort thought fit to write to M^r Williams, of Pascataq, (und^rstanding y^t y^e neg^rs w^ch Capt Smyth brought were fraudulently & iniuriously taken and brought fro^m Ginny, by Capt Smiths confession, & y^e rest of y^e Company,) y^t he forthw^th send y^e neger w^ch he had of Capt Smyth

hither, y^{t} he may be sent home, w^{ch} y^{e} Co^{r}t doth resolve to sen back wthout delay; & if yo^{u} have any thing to aleadge why yo^{u} should not returne him, to be disposed of by y^{e} Cort, it wil be expected yo^{u} should forthwth make it appear, either by yo^{r}selfe or yo^{r} agent, but not to make any excuse or delay in sending of him."

The charter of the Province by King William III. of the date of 1690 is very strong. It gives to all residents in the province "the liberties of natural-born subjects." But, in face of this, slavery worked its way in. Somewhat as Mr. Chamberlain is sending prisoners of war to the Bermudas just now when I am writing, Governor Stoughton and the other magistrates of Massachusetts had sent King Philip's wife and child to be slaves in the Bermudas in 1676. On the other hand, the same Judge Sewall who hanged the witches was printing his tracts against slavery as early as 1700, and until he died in 1730 he renewed his protest on all occasions.

But, at the same time, here is Daniel De Foe in 1719 creating Robinson Crusoe, one of the most remarkable characters in fiction, perhaps the most remarkable. De Foe is distinctly and definitely a religious man. He not only pre-

tends to be religious, he is religious. He says distinctly that the whole story describes his own inner religious experience. Robinson Crusoe is distinctly a religious man. Now, a religious writer like De Foe, creating a religious hero like Robinson, makes of him a Brazilian slave-trader who is shipwrecked in a slave-ship which he had himself fitted out to bring a cargo of slaves from Africa to Brazil. This hero becomes the most popular hero in English romance for a century, perhaps I might say for two. Yet, in all the literary criticism of the book for a century, I think no one has found one word among the moralists of England which finds the least fault with Robinson on account of his active participation in the slave-trade. It

H. B. Stowe

seems to me that this absolute silence on such a point shows the utter indifference of the public mind of England in the matter.[1]

But fifty years after Sewall's death, the critical and famous trial which gave to the slave Somersett his freedom in England testifies to the fundamental existence of the principle of freedom, concealed perhaps because it was fundamental and therefore underground. Cowper took up the famous decision, and his two lines,

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free,"

(in 1781) are better known than Lord Mansfield's decision on which they were founded. Really Holt's decision is much earlier. Cowper took these words, not from Mansfield, but from Mr. Hargrave's argument. Hargrave said that "the

[1] For the benefit of my friends in that admirable historical circle which is doing such good work in North Carolina I write this line to say that one at least of Daniel De Foe's sons went to North Carolina, settled and died there. Daniel De Foe's own knowledge of life in America is indicated in his capital novel "Colonel Jack," of which the scene is laid on the site of Washington and Georgetown, a novel now read by no one excepting myself and three intimate friends. In this capital novel, I say (imitating Robinson Crusoe's method) there is enough to show that he knew all about planting on our side of the water. This suggests to our North Carolina friends that they ought to look up the De Foe plantation and perhaps find some descendants, personal or spiritual — Devaux perhaps? or Walter Page perhaps?

air of England is deemed too pure for slaves to breathe in."

It was not the first time, nor the last, when the great lawyers appeared as the apostles of liberty. Possibly under other conditions Lord Mansfield's decision might have been pressed in the North American colonies, by way of following up the victory of two years before. Nobody even dreamed of carrying the Mansfield decision to the West Indies, where the islands were not colonies, but, as we say, dependencies. And 1772 was not a very favorable time for asserting the value of a decision made in an English law court, as governing the North American colonies.

We have not the young John Lowell's brief in the case of Cæsar Hendrick against his master, but the Court Record shows that in 1773, John Lowell of Newburyport was counsel for Cæsar Hendrick who claimed under the charter, and perhaps under Holt's decision, his freedom. They won their case. And I hope that some time the County Courts will engrave upon their seals the broken links of a useless chain, with the motto, *Sic semper tyrannis*. This same John Lowell and the men around him, introduced in the Bill of Rights of Massachusetts the passage

which they found in the Bill of Rights in Virginia in 1776, "all men are born free and equal." He is the man whom I call "the emancipator," — the grandfather of the poet of freedom.

There had been in 1769, two years before the famous Somersett decision, a suit brought by a negro in our Massachusetts courts which came to trial in 1770. The negroes contributed money themselves for the expenses of the case. It is the case James *vs.* Lechmere, which terminated favorably for them. The blacks pleaded that the Royal Charter declared that all persons born or residing in the province were as free as the King's subjects in Great Britain.

As soon as the Constitution of the new State and the Bill of Rights were in force, a negro named Quork Walker, with men as distinguished as Caleb Strong and Levi Lincoln (the elder) as his counsel, sued his master for assault "with the handle of a whip," and the replication states that he was a freeman and not a slave. A careful trial gave him his freedom. His counsel did not satisfy themselves with urging the Bill of Rights. Judge Washburn prints much of their brief, with its constant references to the rights of man. It is interesting to see that before Cowper's lines in the "Task" could

have been read here, this brief cites Hargrave's famous epigram, with a change in the language, "The air of America is too pure for a slave to breathe in."

All this time there was a strong antislavery sentiment in Virginia — a sentiment certainly shared by some of the leaders. But I think that no slave there ever claimed his rights in Virginia under this same declaration of their Bill of Rights.

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The Congressional debates of 1819 and 1820 become the first discussions of the modern type as to the principles which lie under slavery. I have already spoken of them. It was my business in 1854 to read, abridge, and publish again these debates, so far as they are preserved, and I like to testify as to the great ability of the dis-

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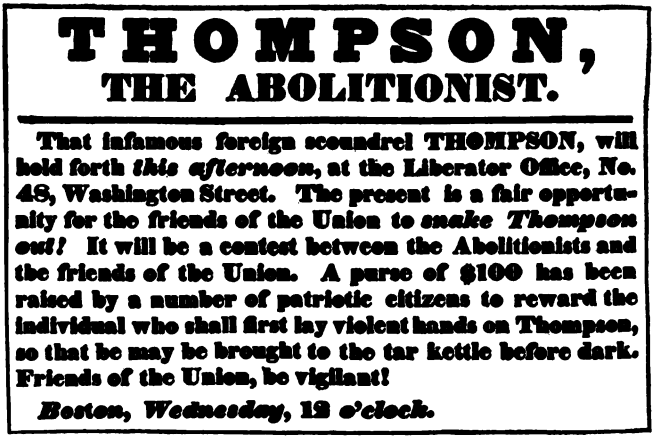

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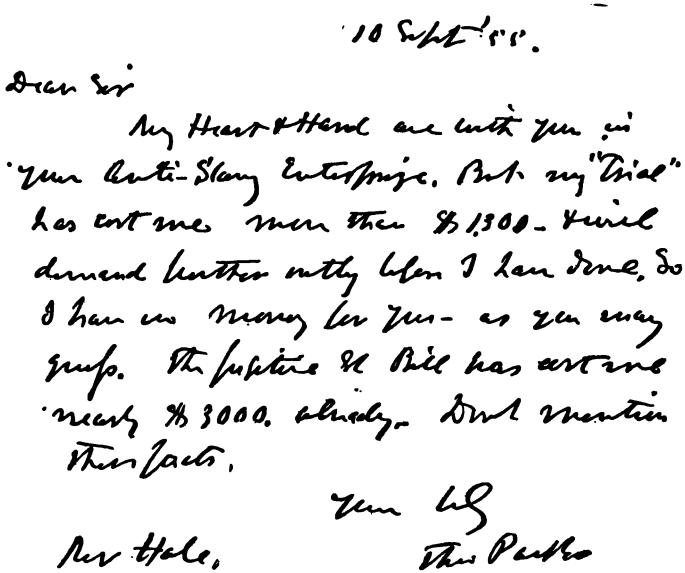

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coal lie unburned and your iron unsmelted, to send your timber to us for our purposes, and never to build a ship in these waters, some of us, I assure you, are very much obliged to you."

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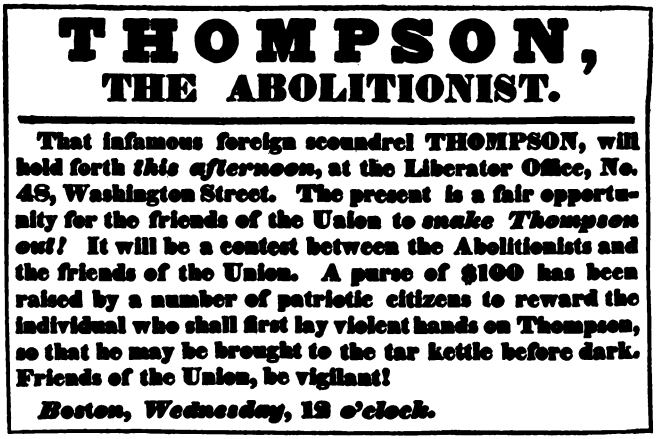

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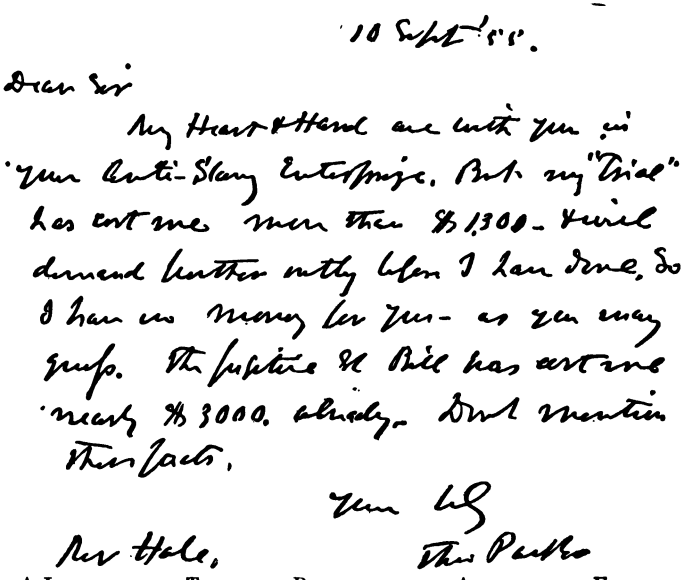

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the Paddock elms in Boston, as I was going to school, and, to his great surprise, gave him a cent. In later times I have given a great many cents to other black people, merely on the principle of penance, because I have no other way of expressing my regret for the conduct of my ancestors toward theirs. But this largess to the black boy was not based on any such feeling. It grew simply from the tone taken in English story-books, in which at that time, black boys and chimney-sweeps were badly mixed together, and the impression was given to a child of seven that black boys were of necessity poor. I recollect hearing bigger boys say that, except on "Nigger Election," black boys were not permitted to come farther than a

THEODORE PARKER'S GRAVE.

certain point on the Common. But this limitation, if it ever existed, was a mere tradition in my time, belonging with the myths about battles between North-Enders and South-Enders.

I should say that 1833, the date of Mrs. Child's book, marks the beginning of the period in which the discussion of the question of slavery was taken at all seriously at the North. As lately as when I left college, in 1839, my classmate, the late William Francis Channing, was, I think, the only man in our class who would have permitted himself to be called an abolitionist. I should not, I am sure. I do not think Samuel Longfellow would. The *Liberator* had been founded on the first of January, 1831. But it certainly did not attract much attention for several years.

A GENERATION OF MEN

In the fifth chapter of Volume I. I have already given a severely condensed account of the debate on the Missouri Compromise. That was at the end of the generation after the compromises of the Constitution. And, as I have said already, each generation has to settle these things anew. In that chapter I spoke of the disgraceful omission by Mr. George Ticknor

Curtis in his life of Daniel Webster of any reference to Mr. Webster's presiding at the Boston meeting which was called in the State House and protested against the introduction of slavery in Missouri. The address to the people, drawn by him — now very rare — will be reprinted in full in Little & Brown's new edition of his works.

It was three years later that Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote thus of Mr. Webster, on the 12th of November, 1822: "By dint of much electioneering, the good cause has succeeded, and we are sending our giant down among you false Sothrons. We are proudly anticipating the triumph of the Northern interest to be gained or to be achieved by Mr. Webster. . . . I think Mr. Webster had about two-thirds of the whole number of votes." Observe that Emerson had graduated in 1821. It is perhaps worth while to note a few of what I like to call the broken lights of the time, which show how strong was the feeling already existing.

There was a great fire in Savannah. Its government implored relief. Among other cities, New York remitted eleven thousand dollars. In sending the money the New York people asked that it might be distributed among the poorer

citizens of Savannah, and added the condition, "without distinction of color." These unfortunate words sealed its fate; the hot blood of Savannah boiled, and, by a vote of the Council, the insult was met by sending back the money with a short, impertinent letter.

A Philadelphia insurance company, when asked at what rate it would insure some Southern property, answered that its directors had concluded that they would not take any more risks south of the Mason and Dixon line. I am afraid that in this generation I must tell our younger readers that Mason and Dixon's line is the line which separates Maryland, a Southern State, and Pennsylvania, a Northern State.

In the June number of the *North American Review* of 1820 was a paper by Judge Lemuel Shaw, afterward Chief Justice of Massachusetts, in defence of the "Restriction." Judge Story printed a charge on the slave-trade in the midst of the discussion. Indeed the antislavery feeling of the North asserted itself in a hundred ways.

I cannot help wishing that somebody would at this late date reprint what is left of the discussions in the Senate and the House on the fundamental question. To tell the whole truth, I had

meant in this chapter to print a good many mementos of it. But space is space, and a few lines must be all.

Take these epigrams as illustrations of what was said on each side. John Randolph cried, in the House, "God has given us Missouri, and the devil cannot take it from us."

Lowrie, of Pennsylvania, in the House said, "If the alternative be the dissolution of this Union or the extension of slavery over the whole western country, I choose the former."

Harrison Gray Otis's speech is worth reading to-day. "The gentleman talks of sparks ignited. I can tell him that when the pine forests of Maine are lighted they burn with quite as fierce a flame as the spire-grass of Missouri."

The great debate, the "Misery Debate," as it was called in joke sometimes, ended in what men still call "Mr. Clay's first Compromise." Very little of his great speech is preserved. This passage is one of those which remain: "I appeal to Pennsylvania, the unambitious Pennsylvania, the keystone of the Federal arch, whether she will concur in a measure calculated to disturb the peace of this Union."

The formation of the Colonization Society in 1817 is a curious rather than an important sign

of the times. In the near future the colony of Liberia may yet prove important in the progress of the development of Africa. But at the time when the Society was formed even its enthusiastic friends did not pretend that it would remove the question of slavery from American politics. After Mr. McMaster's careful and full discussions of its early operations, I should not venture to throw in any side-lights. It is enough here to say that the officers of the Society gave, for its reason for being, the degradation of the free people of color. They printed statistics which, as I believe, were awfully untrue[1] as to the amount of crime, disease, and other wretchedness among them. They declared that such degradation resulted from their anomalous position, that they were neither fish nor fowl, because they were neither slaves nor white men, and that it was but fair to them to place them in a new country where they could show what their race was fit for. Their earliest reports disclaim any effort to increase the number of emancipated slaves.

Even before this time James Madison had provision of his will by which he had

[1] rious and important error, which appears in all uses.

determined that his slaves should be freed after Mrs. Madison's death.

What is certain is that, from the time of the Missouri Compromise forward, the antislavery feeling of Virginia, or of the leaders of Virginia, declined, and that the discussion of the subject in the Northern States took on more and more the character of a moral question. In proportion as cotton became king and the cotton crop of the Gulf States increased from year to year, the change came over Virginia which made her a slave-breeding State. The price of slaves became higher and higher as this new market opened for them, and the wish for emancipation, which had appeared everywhere in the Virginian history, was checked by the new economic conditions. Now observe that Garrison had started the *Liberator* in Baltimore, January 1, 1831.

I like to copy from Mr. Buell's admirable Life of Paul Jones the letter which that hero, now almost forgotten, wrote to his Virginia agents about his plantation in 1786: —

"Beyond all these considerations, gentlemen, there is another, and to my way of thinking, far weightier reason dissuading me from the meditation of resuming the life of a Virginia Farmer. To do that, with prospect of success

under existing conditions, would require me to make myself the beneficiary of slave 'labor,' to be again a holder of property in human flesh and blood. I occupied that attitude once,—but it was at a time when my sensibilities on that score had not been sharpened as they have been since.

"Lord Dunsmore [Governor of Virginia] relieved me, sadly and violently, but no less effectually, of the main part of my offending as an owner of human slaves. You are aware that, early in 1776, I set free my only two remaining boys, Cato and Scipio, at Providence, R.I. At this writing I must say that I have struggled so long and desperately for the cause of human growth and the rights of man at large, that I can no longer bring myself to a distinction based on color or misfortune as between men, whom, as the Good Book says, 'God hath created in His own image.'"

There is not any more interesting index of this change than may be observed in the memoirs of John Quincy Adams. He had reason enough to dislike Southern politics and to distrust Southern politicians. But I think it is not until after the Missouri Compromise that his papers, his letters, or his speeches indicate his special aversion to slavery. Indeed, in

that magnificent career of his in Congress, after he was President, he appears in defence of the right of petition as claimed by antislavery men before he takes very eager ground in the support of their positions.

The truth is that as the country gradually became a Nation and ceased to be a Confederacy, it became more and more clear that it could not be a nation of freedom and a nation of slavery at the same time. This is completely stated in Abraham Lincoln's epigram of the time. You cannot have eight republics allied with five oligarchies, to repeat Gouverneur Morris's epigram. But your Nation must be one thing or another. Eight houses may be divided against five houses, but one house divided against itself cannot stand. I remember that as early as 1836, when I was in college and was discussing this matter with my dear friend Donaldson, from Maryland, I said to him that the whole system would come to an end under commercial laws; that as the railways opened up from South to North, the slaves would run away if they wanted to. And neither of us, I think, conceived the possibility of any National legislation strong enough to carry them back again.

It was, of course, easy enough to say that under the Constitution slavery was a local institution, and that every State might manage as it chose. This was so as long as Washington spoke of Virginia as "my country," or Pinckney said the same thing of Carolina. But you could not hold to this while you guaranteed to every citizen of every State the same rights as you gave to every citizen of your own State. And, for instance, the statute of South Carolina of the year 1823, which prohibits the arrival in her ports of free blacks from other States, under penalty of imprisonment, is just as much an act of nullification as any of the legislation of after years.

Mr. Garrison and the other original abolitionists used to the utmost the privilege, which they undoubtedly had, of attacking slavery as an evil in itself, without proposing any method of meeting the difficulties of the process, and without attempting to make them less. Slavery is wrong. It was enough to say that. "Strike a man?" Dr. Channing would put that question, and he had freed his conscience. Emancipate the man, and the future might take care of itself. But many years did not go by before the sensitive consciences of some abolitionists compelled them to

withdraw from acting under a Constitution which they wanted to destroy. How could you vote, as a citizen, in an organization which you called a covenant with hell? From this conscientiousness came the inevitable division between the old organization and the new — a division which the outsiders ridiculed by classing the two factions as "New Ogs" and "Old Ogs" when their annual meetings came round. Within these organizations, however, the members treated each other with a cordial catholicity, and, though they could not contribute to each other's treasuries, or join directly in each other's system of propaganda, they recognized fidelity to the essential privilege. And so soon as the Liberty party formed itself, all who could vote, in conscience, were generally to be found in its ranks. As early as 1844 the independent vote of the Liberty party was withdrawn from Mr. Clay, and this lost the vote of New York — then, as always, the Empire State — to Mr. Clay. He was pledged to oppose the annexation of Texas. The election of Mr. Polk, his competitor, was thus secured. New York, as always up to that date, voted with the South, and the supremacy of the South for the next sixteen years was secured.

So the "settlement" by the Missouri question

lasted for its generation of men. I have already said that the figures are curiously accurate. The Constitution was completed in 1787. Thirty-three years after, the Missouri Compromise was passed. Thirty-three years more, and Mr. Dixon, of Kentucky, introduced the amendment to the Nebraska Bill which repealed the Compromise section of March 6, 1820. This would violate the Compromise.

Mr. Edward Everett — who had a very nice sense of the obligation of the Missouri Compromise — said to me more than once, as the war went on, that the violation of it was the work of nine men. I wish I had asked him who he thought the nine men were. I wish some cool-headed Southern man, at this hour, would name these real leaders in the secession policy. This was undoubtedly true — that the mere fact that a man owned slaves made him a member, whether he would or no, of an oligarchy of slaveholders — a small corporation, as one might call it. Such a syndicate, as our modern term would have it, moves with a certain promptness. And this particular syndicate until 1853 had the easy direction of the Democratic party. Had this syndicate been willing to hold on to what it had in the annexation of Texas, the Missouri Compro-

mise and the system to which it belonged would, according to me, have lasted much longer than they did. But in the destruction of that barrier the pent-up forces of Northern indignation were set free, which had been gathering from the beginning.

PERSONAL

CHAPTER IV

PERSONAL

TEXAS, KANSAS, AND NEBRASKA

WITH the last half of the century my own personal recollections begin to play their part in these memoirs. I believe I have said here somewhere that I was cradled in the sheets of a newspaper. This is certain, that from the year 1834, when I was a boy of twelve, I had the pleasure of seeing in print in the *Advertiser* some scrap or other which my father had permitted me to translate or to write for the newspaper. That was his way of bringing up his children — to make them share in the life of the elders of the family, not to say of the time. If when I was thirteen years old he had told me to sail the Channel Fleet, I should have taken it for granted that I could do so, because he bade me; and I should have assumed the duty as cheerfully as Lord John Russell would have done. Under this principle, when I was seventeen, I was reporter in the Massachusetts Legislature, with

the duty, not of writing out speeches at length, but of abridging them and giving their tenor. I suppose that from that hour to this no month of my life has passed in which I have not written more or less for the journals of the day. In the high tide of 1854 and 1855 I was contributing the leading articles for ten papers, in New England and New York, on subjects which had to do with Kansas emigration.

All this means that I have had more than the average share of personal intercourse with public men.

I have already spoken of the election of 1828 in which John Quincy Adams was defeated by General Jackson. I was then six years old. I afterward met Mr. Adams, who was always very kind to me, when he was easily the first member of the House of Representatives, in the year 1845. From the moment he was proposed as a member of Congress in his own district, which was as early as 1830, it was settled that that district would never have any member excepting him while he lived. This was the old Plymouth Colony District, including also some towns, of which Quincy was one, from the "Bay." Even while the distinction remained in Massachusetts which separated "Cotton Whigs" from

"Conscience Whigs," and gave to the "Cotton Whigs" a majority in the State, the "Conscience Whigs" and their natural allies the Abolitionists always sent the "Old Man Eloquent," as we called him, to his place. That phrase is Milton's when he speaks of Isocrates. Mr. Adams was sixty-four years old when, after he had been President once, he entered Congress for the second time. That was magnificent.

As the North began to understand that the so-called successes of the Democratic party meant simply that the Northern States were the bobs in the tail of the Southern kite, Mr. Adams became more and more popular among the malcontents of the North. He enjoyed this popularity, which showed itself in some very tender ways. There was a fine expression of a steamboat captain on the Ohio, who wished to God that "we could take the engine out of the old Adams and put it in a new hull." Mr. Adams never spoke in Congress, even when the Democratic leaders there meant to censure him publicly, but that every one crowded around him to hear him. And on one or two critical occasions he assumed, without hesitation, the position which the Dean of the House, or its natural leader, deserved.

This gave the more interest to the readiness

with which at home he took the duties of any citizen of Norfolk County. I remember him in 1847, in the simplest detail of our democratic life in New England, when he presided as Moderator of the Congregational Council which ordained William Rounseville Alger. He was a lay delegate for the church in Quincy with Dr. Lunt in what is called the Council, in Congregational matters, of perhaps five and twenty neighboring parishes. He was chosen Moderator of the assembly, and, in the fine Congregational ritual, it was his business to announce to the assembly that the "Council has agreed to proceed with the ordination" of the gentleman who had been chosen by the parish as its minister.

When his son published twelve volumes of his father's memoirs, he printed one of the most interesting contributions to our American history. Son and grandsons have built an elegant fireproof building to contain the annals of the family. You enter by the lordly fireplace, you turn to the right, and there is the diary of the first Adams when he left college in 1755. You walk on and you walk on, turning the corners as they come, and at the fireplace end, after your walk, a hundred paces more or less, you have seen the manuscript history of America in the diaries and

correspondence of two Presidents and of that Minister to England who spoke the decisive word which saved England and America from a third war. Some day, when the secrets of to-day can be uncovered, some one will print in twenty volumes more the rest of John Quincy Adams's diary, which the prudence of his son Charles Francis Adams suppressed when those twelve were published.

As I have said, perhaps I have spoken with all the Presidents, after the first Harrison, excepting Buchanan, Taylor, and Cleveland. I am not sure about Garfield, though I had, at one time, some correspondence with him.

In the winter of 1843 and 1844 I spent a good deal of time with my father in the State of Pennsylvania. He was engaged in some important financial arrangements in connection with the internal improvements of that State, and at that time I had a good deal to do with wire ropes and inclined planes and other machinery of transportation which is long since forgotten, not to say with Tax Laws and valuations.

On some occasion, I forget what, when he was recalled to Boston, I took my holiday by going to Washington. A branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway had recently been opened. As I

stood on Pennsylvania Avenue looking east and looking west, I had that curious feeling of disappointment, which I have experienced since, in my first view of other cities and places, because I was a little too well prepared for what I saw. The Capitol looked exactly as it did in the pictures. I knew that the avenue was wide and beggarly and crude; and I said to myself in a sort of heartsick way: "Is this what one gains by travel? A man might as well stay at home."

But all this did not last. The matchless hospitality of Washington asserted itself then, when Washington was a little Virginia town dumped in a mud-hole, as it does now, when Washington is one of the finest cities in the world. I do not remember the detail, but I do remember that under the protection and auspices of Judge Story, who had been a friend of mine all through my college life, I was pleasantly housed in the lodging-house where the Northern members of the Supreme Court lived. I had put myself in communication with Edward Webster, son of Daniel Webster, who was in some sort a godbrother of mine, if there is any such relationship, for we were within a year's age of each other, and he had been named, as I had been named, for Edward Everett. He had gone to Dart-

mouth College, because it was his father's college, and I had gone to Cambridge about the same time, but we often met and were close friends. Edward carried me at once to his father's modest house, and I was welcomed there with the same hospitality as if I had still been a boy of six years playing in the stable of the old Webster house in Summer Street. Then and there I made my first acquaintance with the city of Washington. I went to the little Unitarian church at Washington on the only Sunday which I spent there. This church was almost a historical edifice, having been built in the early days of the Unitarian controversy, as we call it, by an accomplished circle of English gentlemen who lived in Washington then. They represented historically Priestley's view of the Unitarian revival and the view of the Englishmen who surrounded him, as nothing which I had read or seen in Boston did.

So it chanced that as I went into the church on Sunday morning George James Abbot met me and took me into his seat. He was afterward one of my most intimate and personal friends, and it is with special pleasure that I write these words about one of the men who was ready to help the world forward in any way, and who was a distinguished agent in helping it forward,

though his name scarcely ever appears in the newspapers. Abbot had been four years before me in college, and he knew me by sight; for in fact, he entered at the Cambridge Divinity School, meaning to follow the profession of his father, who had recently died. Abbot knew that I had been preparing myself for a minister's life, and asked me at once if in the autumn of that year I would not come and preach in Washington. He was one of the Standing Committee of the Unitarian church. This incident, or accident, as you may choose to call it, opened up an acquaintance with the city of Washington which has lasted from that day to this day. I lived in Washington as their minister from October 1, 1844, to the 3d of March, 1845. They asked me to remain and be their permanent minister, but I declined. I was very much tempted by the proposal, but I did not accept it. I knew perfectly well that there was to be a gulf of fire between the North and the South before things went much further; and I really distrusted my own capacity at the age of twenty-three to build a bridge which should take us over. But as I write, I suppose that in fifty-six years since then, I have gone to Washington fifty-six times, to preach to this congregation.

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS

That winter of 1844–1845 was one which we then thought a crisis winter, and I have thought so from that time to this. John Tyler was President. To say nothing worse of him, he was the weakest man, excepting Franklin Pierce, who was ever President, and he was the most ignorant man of the duties of the Presidency, with perhaps another exception. The Whigs had put him on their ticket with Governor William Henry Harrison, by way of showing that they were not a Northern party, as they were. They had had triumphant success. They had swept from its throne the old coalition between the slaveholding States and the slums of New York City, and they enjoyed their triumph — for one month. Harrison then died, and the great, successful Whig party had on its hands John Tyler. He was what the politicians call a "sorehead," who outwent in his devotion to the slaveholding interest anything which the defeated Mr. Van Buren would have done, "the Northern man with Southern principles."

To come down to the year 1844. Mr. Tyler had made a Cabinet which men used to call "a Corporal's Guard," because it was supposed to

have no party behind it. But when the project for the annexation of Texas came up, the most of the old Democratic party rallied to his support.

The whole slaveholding interest was, as I have already said, from first to last, a solid corporation which moved instinctively as one body. The nation of Texas had issued bonds which were owned by a handful of enterprising and very skilful operators, and by the time Congress met in December, 1844, the plans for the annexation of Texas were well forward and had the complete approval of President Tyler and his Cabinet. In a review of the history of the intrigue, addressed to his constituents in 1842, Mr. Adams said that in a debate in 1837 on the subject he "disclosed the whole system of duplicity and perfidy toward Mexico which had marked the Jackson Administration from its commencement to its close. It silenced the clamors for the annexation of Texas to this Union for three years till the catastrophe of the Van Buren Administration. The people of the free States were lulled into the belief that the whole project was abandoned and that they should hear no more of slave-trade cravings for the annexation of Texas. Had Harrison lived they would have heard no more of them to this day, but no sooner was John Tyler installed in

the President's house than nullification and Texas and war with Mexico rose again upon the surface, with eye steadily fixed upon the polar star of Southern slave-dealing supremacy in the Government of the Union."

For myself I have always to this time counted it a piece of great good fortune of my own that I spent this winter of 1844–1845 in Washington. I arrived there early in October. I remained there until the 3d of March, 1845, the day before Mr. Polk's inauguration. I remember that I was too angry to be willing to stay to see his inauguration on the 4th. But Mr. Alexander Hill Everett took me to call upon Mr. Polk, I think at the National Hotel, so that I heard them in frank conversation with each other. In the same way I had seen Mr. Calhoun and heard them talk. Mr. Calhoun was, at this period, Mr. Tyler's Secretary of State.

If I give anywhere any account of the personal impression Mr. Tyler made on me, it must be on another page. On this page I wish I could make the reader see what the struggle of that winter was as it appeared to unsophisticated Northern eyes.

Physically, Texas is a paradise, and always has been, since its written history began. I

have never been in southern Mexico, but I think I know something of Mexico; and I have seen every one of our States between New Brunswick and the Rio Grande. I am quite sure that Texas, as large a region as France, has by far the finest natural advantages of any region between Labrador and the Isthmus of Panama. It seems therefore a little queer that while Mexico got itself well settled by Europeans, even in Cortes's times, and while there were Frenchmen in Canada and Englishmen in Virginia as early as Jamestown, there were no Spanish settlements of wider range than military posts in the whole of Texas. This is the more queer because you find passages which show that intelligent people knew how fine a country it was. Thus, old Judge Sewall, two hundred years ago, has one of his fine weird visions in which he suggests that the New Jerusalem will be established there.

I suppose the truth to be that the Spanish Governors of Mexico were afraid of English and American aggression on the north, and meant to keep a desert between the Mississippi and their silver mines. Under that policy they murdered Philip Nolan in 1801; kept all his companions prisoners until they died, except Blackburn,

whom they hanged; and they arrested Captain Pike and his party when they had strayed into the valley of the Rio Grande in 1807. The idea of a dividing zone which should be virtually a desert between rival nations was a familiar notion to the old-fashioned statesman. Somehow or other it happened in Burr's time, and for twenty years after, that what people would call a Texas fever got hold of the adventurous pioneer population of the Southwest; and early in the twenties there appear the names of such men as Stephen Austin, Samuel Houston, and, later down, of David Crockett, who had determined to break in on this hedged-up paradise. As the Mexican States broke off from Spain and became republics, it became more and more easy to obtain grants of land of one sort and another. The old Spanish Government had almost always refused such grants, but the revolutionists were much more easy.

In 1833 the settlers on such grants gained confidence enough in their own number and in hope of enlarging those numbers to make a constitution for themselves, and in 1836, after various vicissitudes, to declare their independence. This was followed, almost of course, by an invasion of Mexican troops; and it is to be

observed, from the experience of the next five and twenty years, that the Mexican soldier is an admirable soldier. They crushed at first the fighting force of Texas. That horrible massacre of the Alamo took place, black among the blackest incidents even of Spanish folly and cruelty, and was followed by the inevitable retaliation of the battle of San Jacinto. In this fight the Mexican army was annihilated in half an hour by the Texans, and, fortunately for them, General Santa Anna, its commander, the President of Mexico, was taken prisoner. The Texan army which had triumphed was made up of men whose comrades had been brutally murdered after the capture of Alamo. It was said at the time that when the poor Mexican soldiers, who had been surprised in their afternoon siesta, found themselves the prisoners of the Texans they would sob out "Me no Alamo," meaning that they were not concerned in the brutal massacre. This was in the year 1836. From that moment the independence of Texas seemed possible. The United States Government had attempted to purchase the province under every Administration after Monroe's. Indeed, the affectation had been kept up that the Province of Texas, between the Sabine and the

Rio del Norte, belonged to the Province of Louisiana, and that our line should have been drawn at the Del Norte, and not at the Sabine.

Now that Texas was established as an independent State, with the flag of the "Lone Star," a steady purpose showed itself on the part of its rulers to annex themselves to the United States. The Southern leaders, including the President, John Tyler, saw of course the immense advantage that so magnificent a province would give to them. The slave-holding interest could not but lend itself to the annexation of this province to the United States, without reserve. Besides this, alas! there were the men who owned the bonds of the "Lone Star" State, which had been hardly worth the paper they were written on. But if Texas became a part of the United States these bonds would be enlarged immensely in value. It was said at the time, and I believe, that waverers who had to be conciliated to the Southern cause accepted these bonds as part payment for their votes.

The annexation of Texas then became the crucial test which should show how far the Northern States and the Western States did or did not care for slavery in the abstract. A man might say, with a perfectly good conscience, that

South Carolina could regulate her own laws with regard to slavery, while he could not say, with a good conscience, that slavery should exist in Texas, or that the United States should annex a slave-holding region. On this issue Mr. Polk had been chosen President, as representing the South and the Southern interests. Mr. Clay had been rejected because the anti-slavery men of New York did not believe that he was sound as to the extension of slavery. The whole session of Congress of the winter of 1844–1845 was practically given to the solution of this question. Democratic States like New Hampshire turned right round on the question of freedom in Texas.

In that session Mr. Adams and with him the whole North triumphed, when in December the House received petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, which it had steadily refused to do before. But as the month of March opened, it proved that in the Texas business the South was victorious. Up to the first day of March, we Northern men had supposed that the Senate would reject what was called the "joint resolution," which had passed the House, which provided for the annexation. The form of the joint resolution had been taken

because it was known that no treaty for annexation could go through the Senate. We supposed that we had a majority of one in the Senate. On all this history the wise reader will study Mr. Shepard's Life of Van Buren.

On the morning of the 2d of March I called on Mr. Rufus Choate at the Senate Chamber, and called him out from his seat.

"I am going to Boston, Mr. Choate. What shall I tell my father?"

"Tell him we are beaten, Mr. Hale — we are beaten, *magno prœlio victi sumus*. We have been beaten in a great battle."

The truth, was, as I suppose, that President Tyler had told Senator Merrick — a weak Senator from Maryland — that if he would vote for annexation, his son should be made Judge in the District Court of Columbia. Such was, at least, the scandal of the time. The son was made Judge of that Court, receiving a position which he held until his death, and the father who had been chosen as a Whig, voted for annexation.

For myself, I went back to Boston most eager to carry out what I thought to be the true policy of the Northern States. I have never changed my opinion. The whole North was angry with what seemed a trick which had been played upon

it. This same North was sending westward thousands of emigrants every year; and here was this magnificent province lying empty. How certain it is that if the wave of free emigration could have been turned into Texas then, evils untold of would have been prevented. On the other hand, I am afraid it is as certain that human slavery would not have been abolished in the older States for another generation.

But my own duty seemed to me clear enough. I gave my first days after I returned to Boston to writing an eager appeal for the immediate settlement of Texas from the Northern States. "How to Conquer Texas before Texas Conquers Us," this was the title of my pamphlet. I printed it at my own cost, and I am yet to meet with the first person, outside the circle of my immediate friends, who ever read those sixteen pages. No, I must except the proof-reader of that edition and the proof-reader of the eighth volume of my standard edition. in which I reprinted it fifty-six years afterward.

I was ready to go myself in any capacity. I had fancied, in the innocence of twenty-three years of age, that we could arrest attention to such a plan — that the men with money would contribute money and that the men of courage would ally themselves together; and even, as certain

men went from Leyden to Massachusetts Bay in 1620, a body of us would go to Texas in 1845. But no, mine was a voice crying in the wilderness. No man went or proposed to go.

All the same, I like to say now that the solution proposed was well founded on the social conditions of the middle of the century.

THE NEBRASKA BILL

When, nine years afterward, in the beginning of the year 1854, with a sublime audacity, won by success, the Southern leaders determined to overthrow the Missouri Compromise, the same opportunity for the direction of free emigration presented itself to another man in Massachusetts as the solution to be attempted then.

The "Nebraska Bill," still so called in conversation at the North, though it was for many years the law of the land, was introduced in the Senate. It violated the promises of the Missouri Compromise by throwing open the territory west of Arkansas and Missouri and Iowa to the institution of slavery. The North was on fire at once at a violation so disgraceful of a compact which had been loyally respected for thirty-four years. And Eli Thayer, a school-

master of Worcester, Massachusetts, called on the Legislature to organize the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company. He was a member of the Legislature for the city of Worcester. It was not a plan of an old antislavery war-horse. It was a plan which proposed to meet the South on its own terms, familiarly known as "squatter sovereignty." It authorized a capital of five million dollars in establishing settlements at the West. The charter was rushed through both Houses of the Legislature at once, and was signed by Governor Washburn on the 26th day of April, 1854. This was a month before the Nebraska Bill was signed by Franklin Pierce, then President. On the 4th of May the petitioners accepted the charter. Massachusetts picked up the gauntlet, it has been said, before it was thrown down.

In point of fact, the friends of the movement acted under a quiet, private organization through the whole of the year 1854, and a more valuable working charter was obtained for the New England Emigrant Aid Company in the next winter. That company still exists. Before May, 1855, thirty thousand dollars were subscribed and spent. Eventually, the company raised and spent one hundred and thirty-six thousand dol-

lars. The first company of emigrants went under the direction of its executive in August of 1854. Dr. Charles Robinson, who afterward became Governor of Kansas, was the leader.

When this New England Emigrant Aid Company organized, the largest subscriber was John Carter Brown, a millionnaire merchant of Providence. He was chosen the first President of the new organization.

Mr. Eli Thayer was a near neighbor of mine in Worcester, and as soon as I knew of his prompt and wise movement I went over to see him, showed him my Texas pamphlet, and told him I was ready to take hold anywhere. He was very glad to have a man Friday so near at hand. There was enough for all of us to do. We called meetings in all available places, and went to speak or sent speakers wherever we were called for. Colonies formed themselves in all the larger towns of New England, and before the end of 1855 we had sent out four or five thousand settlers into Kansas. It is fair to say that every man in this company went for the purpose of making Kansas a free State and to give a like privilege to all other States. No man went with the primary purpose of enriching himself or his family. What followed was

that Kansas has always been a State of idealists. When the Civil War, so called, came for the whole Nation, Kansas, which had tasted war for six years already, furnished a larger proportion of soldiers to the Union army than any other State did.

The books of the Emigrant Aid Companies show that the Central Company spent in the year 1854 $23,623.73. Before the spring of the next year the expenditure had been $96,-956.01. In 1862 the company sold all its property in Kansas. It had then raised and expended $136,000. It retained its claim on the General Government for destroying by military force the hotel at Lawrence. For this investment no subscriber ever received any return except in the success of the enterprise in its great object, the freedom of that western empire.

Local societies were formed in various sections — working in their own fashion. Mr. Thayer arranged for a meeting in the city of New York among other places. It was not large, but it was enthusiastic. Among other people present was the late William Maxwell Evarts, afterward Secretary of State, then a lawyer of good prospects in the city, but not so well known

as afterward. Mr. Evarts made a speech in which he said that he supposed he was worth four thousand dollars, and he subscribed one thousand of it to the new enterprise.

Most fortunately for the country the Southern oligarchy and their coadjutors in Missouri took the alarm more seriously than they needed to have done. Mr. Thayer had boldly named five million dollars as the capital for his new company. While we were doing our best to bring together the twenty thousand dollars which we spent in 1854, every paper in Missouri and farther South was announcing that we had five millions at our command. This announcement answered our purpose almost as well as if it had been true. And I think that no single cause stimulated the Western emigration into Kansas more than the announcement and belief that rich New England capitalists were investing five million dollars there.

The plan of Mr. Thayer was very simple, and it is really a pity that it has not been carried out, even in some of its details, to the present day. I am fond of saying, and I believe, that it was the beginning of "personally conducted" parties, such as the Cooks take over the world to-day. We would announce at our office that,

say, on the 3d of August we should send a company to Kansas. We corresponded with the railway companies to know which would give us the cheapest terms. We peddled through tickets to the people who came to us at the wholesale price. Then we appointed a competent person to take charge of the party. In this way men who went forward with the first parties could send their women or even their little children in subsequent parties, without coming back to take them over the route. It was one of the jokes of the time that when one of Frank Pierce's pro-slavery Governors was sent out he and his secretaries bought their tickets of one of our agents, so that we "personally conducted" them. If this were true, and I think it was, we had no right to complain.

We never gave a penny to a settler unless he was engaged to do work for us. And the people who said that we took out paupers did not know how many substantial men and women were eager to go into Kansas.

We offered a prize for the best marching song for emigrants. Miss Larcom won the prize, and there is a pretty story about a body of her young friends who found out that she had won it before she knew it herself, and sang it under

her window in the morning. Whittier wrote for us a capital marching song or "song of degrees": —

> "We cross the prairie, as of old
> Our fathers crossed the sea,
> To make the West, as they the East,
> The homestead of the free."

When one of these companies came to the new territory, our business with the individuals of whom it was composed was at an end. But, naturally, people who had started out together liked to keep together, and such people would take up their lands together under the Homestead Act.

Wherever agents could, they established a steam engine for cutting lumber. In Lawrence we assisted Dr. George N. Brown, who established a printing-press at which the *Herald of Freedom* was printed. Eventually, we established presses in some other towns. I remember that the handbills which we circulated for calling meetings, at some of which I spoke, were headed "Sawmills and Liberty." The theory which we were impressing was that towns were the bulwarks of freedom; that if people would help the settlers by establishing their sawmills, they would form so many central points where freedom

would gather; and all this proved precisely true.

The movement became so extensive that in the United States Senate a careful report was made vilifying it in the worst style of the arrogance of the Southern leaders of that day. In an immense collection of letters at that time, I find two or three from Charles Sumner which are worth printing: —

"WASHINGTON, 1st March, '56.

"MY DEAR HALE: I wish I could have the advantage of direct conversation with you for a brief hour on Kansas.

"It is clear that this Congress will do nothing for the benefit of Kansas. In the House we are weak; in the Senate powerless. This Know-Nothing shadow has demoralized Northern Representatives. In the Senate, the small squad of Republicans constitute the only reliable friends. Nothing can be expected from Cass or Douglas. The latter in executive session on Sherman's case expressed great indignation with him for condescending to make a treaty with rebels at Lawrence.

"To what point, then, should we address ourselves? The first question will be on Reeder's

case. This belongs exclusively to the House, but the facts evolved there will throw light on the whole subject.

"Then comes the application for admission into

Charles Sumner

From an engraving by Augustus Robin.

the Union. Here is a difficulty arising (1) from the small population at the time the Constitution was adopted, and (2) from the slender sup-

port it received at the polls, owing doubtless to the invasion then proceeding.

"How shall these matters be dealt with? Pray let me have your counsels.

"Of course the pretended Legislature and its acts must be exposed as invalid. But what next? Clearly, there must be a Government there; and the promptest way of getting it is by the recognition of the new Constitution. But this will be exposed as lacking what will be called entirety.

"I know your interest in the question, and therefore make no apology for this hasty note.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"CHARLES SUMNER."

"SENATE CHAMBER, 13th March, '56.

"MY DEAR HALE: . . . You will read Douglas's elaborate assault on the Emigrant Aid Company. Allow me suggest to you to have the Company present a memorial to the Senate directly, responsive to this assault, point by point, and vindicating its simple rights. On this head I need not give you any hints.

"The memorial should be as short as is consistent with a complete statement of the case;

but it should be a document that will make the position of the Company understood by the country.

"The whole atrocity in Kansas is now vindicated as a National counter-movement to the Emigrant Aid Company, and your Company is gibbeted before the country as a criminal.

"I venture to suggest that this be attended to at once. But I leave it all to your discretion.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"CHARLES SUMNER."

"P.S. — To me this assault is quite natural, for I have long known that the Slave Power sticks at nothing!"

"SENATE CHAMBER, Monday.

"DEAR HALE: If you send a memorial, let it be addressed to the Senate and House, and sent on in duplicate, one copy for the Senate, and the other for the House.

"I write you because I know you.

"Ever yours,

"CHARLES SUMNER."

The last of these letters was written three days before Brooks struck Sumner on the head in the Senate Chamber and silenced his voice for the years which followed. On Wednesday of

the same week, the day before the Brooks assault, a force from Missouri, under the direction of the United States Marshal, burned our hotel and Governor Robinson's house, destroyed Dr. Brown's printing-press, and plundered several storehouses. Our settlers, as law-abiding citizens, would not oppose the United States authority.

To me personally it is an interesting memorial of the time that the next week we held a public meeting in Faneuil Hall in Boston, to pass judgment on the two atrocities which happened so close to each other, that of the 23d of May and that of the 24th. On that occasion, on the platform of Faneuil Hall, I introduced my father, who had been then for forty years the editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, the leading Whig paper, to Henry Wilson, the United States Senator, who had taken the place of Edward Everett in the United States Senate. Here were two men, now wholly at one in the handling of the slavery question, who had never spoken to each other until on that platform they met together. The incident was a good illustration of the way in which the Nebraska Bill had closed up the ranks in the Northern opposition to slavery. For the *Advertiser* and my father represented the friends of Mr. Webster, and had loyally sup-

ported him, on the ground of their readiness to give and take what had been promised in the Missouri Compromise. Now they were set free.

I had meant and wished to print here some of the curious details of the Kansas Settlement for which the materials are at my hand. I am now the President of the Emigrant Aid Company. But space is space and a page is a page, so that I must reserve them for some other place and time. The first election in the Territory showed that armed men from Missouri meant to take its organization into their hands. The settlers had to arm themselves; and at their request our officers made the purchase of Sharp's rifles, which won a place in history. At one time Henry Ward Beecher was nicknamed Sharp's Rifle Beecher, because he had contributed to the Rifle Fund. Here is a letter which marks the date in history: —

"SHARP'S RIFLE MANUFACTURING CO.,
"HARTFORD, May 7, 1855.

"*Thomas H. Webb, Esq., Secretary of New England Emigrant Aid Company.*

"DEAR SIR: Annexed find invoice of one hundred carbines, ammunition, etc., ordered Mr. Deitzler, this morning. For balance of account, I have ordered on Messrs. Lee, Higginson & Co.,

thirty days from this date, $2,155.65, as directed by you. . . .

"Your obedient servant,

"J. C. PALMER,

"*President.*"

I have severely compressed the history, for twelve years, of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, in Kansas. I can wish now that that history might be written out more at length. But I cannot do it here.

I ought, I believe, to call attention here to the absurd desire of some people in Kansas and out of it to keep out from history the names of some of the earlier leaders; true men who did things for which they ought to be honored. In myself, I think that the erratic enterprise of John Brown, a man for whom I have very high respect, was of great injury to the infant state. But in the wish to make him a hero, it has seemed desirable to crowd out of sight men who were in Kansas long before him. For a single instance, Governor Charles Robinson, the first Governor of Kansas chosen by the people, had been in the valley of the Kansas River as early as the summer of 1854, as an agent of the Emigrant Aid Company. Long before that time, he had crossed Kansas, with an overland party, to California.

For the critical years following August, 1854, when it was necessary to show that the settlers from the North and Northwest were acting under United States law, Robinson showed the most extraordinary courage and wisdom. Step by step, under his lead, the real colonists won victory after victory over poor Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan; and they showed to all men that they were on the side of law and order. It is absurd, not to say wicked, to try to leave such a man out of history. The first agents of the Emigrant Aid Company were Charles Robinson, Samuel C. Pomeroy, and Charles Branscomb. I do not know, and nobody else knows, where Kansas would be to-day without them, and without Eli Thayer, who sent them. Robinson was a settler in Kansas more than a year before John Brown.

THE WAR

CHAPTER V

THE WAR

ONE TO MAKE READY

THERE has been a great temptation to prepare for this part of these memoirs a severely condensed history of the Civil War. For eighteen months I had such a plan in mind, and it was with regret that I abandoned it. But I have abandoned it. I should like to write such a history. I think if I had ten years of life before me, with nothing else to do, I would do it. But I will not do it here.

No! The reader ought to understand, by this time, that he is looking at the century through my key-hole. We are taking snap-shots together, and of our snap-shot pictures I throw away nineteen before I let the reader see one.

I think there will be a certain interest in bringing together five or six separate glimpses of the war, which will show how a working minister in a Northern parish could be mixed up in it. I have had in mind, for nearly forty years, the

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bringing together of a set of papers in church history and printing them in a book which should be called "A Church in the War." But we cannot print that book here at the end of a volume. Here are, however, a few personal memoranda, most of which date from the time, which will serve in their way as so many foreground lights for its history.

A. Lincoln

Whoever writes the history of the nineteenth century ought to remember that after all the irritation and even savage rage of section against section the war took the North by surprise. For myself, I regarded the Southern declarations as part of a game of brag, even up to the first shot on Sumter. I remember that a week or two before

that happened, as I came out of church on what must have been the first Sunday in April, Wendell Phillips was passing the gateway of the little courtyard. I joined him and walked with him, and he told me that the Carolinians were throwing up batteries from which to fire on Fort Sumter. I knew the ground and water, or thought I did, and I pooh-poohed, and said, "Batteries? What are they making them of — the waves of the sea?" and intimated that all this was the exuberance of a pretence which would cool down into nothing. Phillips said, "I hope so." But within a fortnight's time his hopes and my expectations were disappointed. Yet I was myself at that same time drilling as an active member of Salignac's Rifle Corps. My connection with this drill club began one evening at a meeting of a college club which had existed twenty years. Edward Cabot, the distinguished architect, who was one of the members, told us that he and some other young gentlemen had formed a drill club for the training for war. In my own memory this marks the moment when anybody thought that war was impending. For me, as I say, I thought the bluster of the Southern States was the bragging of people used to playing cards, and I did not believe that things

would come to that crisis. But all the same I wanted "to encourage the rest," as Voltaire said. I was minister of a large parish, and I wanted the young men of that parish to do their duty. I told Cabot that he might count me as a member. I think it was the next day I went down to join, and from that time until the war was well advanced I went down to drill daily. Salignac had been an officer in the French service and was quite master of all that we needed to learn from him. Amos Adams Lawrence, the same with whom I had worked in the colonization of Kansas, and who gave his name to the city of Lawrence there, was very much interested in the club. He obtained for us the use of a large hall owned by Mr. Gray, the hall which Mr. Shuman now occupies at the corner of Summer Street and Washington Street. There we drilled all winter.

I was, therefore, well up in regimental tactics and well enough up in the drilling of soldiers, when on the fatal Sunday morning of April, 1861, it was announced that Sumter had been fired on. Every young man who was worth his salt then wanted to fall into the ranks, and at Salignac's we had our hands full in drilling new recruits. I suppose I was a sergeant. Here is

a reminiscence of one of those April days: How often have I preached in Chicago and General Bayley has met me on the pulpit stairs and said, "Can you see both screws of the musket, Dr. Hale?" He was a youngster in my own Sunday-school who had fallen in with the rest. Passing behind the rank, in my duty as instructor, I had said to him, "Throw up your gun a little; I want to see both those screws." From such a beginning Bayley came out a Major-General in 1865.

The hall in Summer Street was not large enough for us to parade or drill in a straight line. It was bent as the letter E is bent, without the cross mark in the middle. I was one of the taller men, my friend Dr. Williams being taller than I. So we were at the extreme right of the battalion line, and when we presented arms we were opposite the extreme left of the line, which was made up of the men who were not so tall. So it was that, week in and week out, I presented arms at any dress parade to a fair-haired Saxon boy, a hundred feet away, whose name I did not know. And it was not until I assisted at his funeral that I learned that this charming, manly face which I had seen so often was that of young Will Putnam, Lowell's

cousin, who had been killed at Ball's Bluff. In fact, nineteen-twentieths of Salignac's Drill Corps took commissions in the Massachusetts regiments and went to war. To this day I cannot pass through the central memorial hall of Sanders at Cambridge without tears, there are so many of my college companions and of my other young friends whose names are engraved on the tablets there.

After the announcement that Sumter was fired on, it would be fair to say that nobody in Boston thought of anything but the war for four years. Everything turned on that pivot. In that first week, if a man asked another man if he could sell him a horse, the answer was, "You are going to the front? The horse is yours." The Street Railway Company placed all their horses at the disposal of the Governor. The Massachusetts Fifth was sent to Fort Monroe directly under the advice of John Murray Forbes. Some one asked what were the arrangements for provisioning the steamer which took them from Providence, and Forbes said, "I have provisioned her myself."

My brother Charles, who was at that time Speaker of the House of Representatives, sent me a note one morning which showed me that

he was too sick to be anywhere but in bed. I went over with a carriage to his bachelor quarters to bring him to my own house. The poor fellow said that he had in his hands some arrangements for vaccine which were to be sent to such and such regiments at the South. I told him that I would see to the vaccine, and went to the State House for that purpose. There was Henry Lee, well known to all Harvard men as the chief marshal, for many years, of their processions. He was an officer in Salignac's Drill Corps, and at that moment was acting as a volunteer military aid to Governor Andrew. While I waited for a letter I needed, Lee asked me if I could not go down to Fall River that afternoon and drill the Fall River companies. I was most eager to go, but I had in hand these vaccine arrangements, and many other duties of the same sort, and I made the "great refusal." Which story I tell because I think if I had gone down to Fall River and had my experience of a drill-master's life, I should probably have stayed with the army until the war was over. Who knows but these might be the memoirs of a major-general, as Bayley's would be?

But I laid down the rule for myself that I

would not go in person to the war until I found nothing to do every day at home.

When all was over, on the 22d day of December, 1865, Governor Andrew had ordered a parade of representatives of each of the sixty-six Massachusetts regiments, who were to march to the State House and leave their smoked and ragged colors there. I noticed in the morning paper that they would pass our church. I sent a note to the chairman of the right committee, and the women opened the church; they lighted their fire, and when, that morning, one or two thousand men marched through Union Park, hot coffee stood in full pails on the steps, with enough for every man of the command, and they broke ranks and drank. In our little museum at church we show receipts of the State of Massachusetts for the flannel underclothes we sent them in April, 1861.

Of other personal reminiscences, the papers which make up this chapter are all that I may now use. The first is a letter from a gentleman, in an important official position in Washington, describing his impressions as to the army, as he saw it in August, after the defeat at Manassas, or, as we say, Bull Run. Even after thirty years it seems worth while to show out of

what inexperience Grant's and Meade's armies began.

"WASHINGTON, August 6, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have received your note with inclosure, of 2d inst., and am sorry we are not to be more closely associated. However, there is much to do everywhere now, and what is most important is no longer in Washington. Yet one needs to be at Washington to see into what a terrible rut of inefficiency and humbug and twaddle our poor Nation has got. There seems no end to buncombe; we are saturated with it high and low.

"Now what is the fact about this noble, etc., gallant, patriotic army? It was, in large part, a miserable rabble of sentimental actors and 'foreign mercenaries.' It had no real discipline, only a play of it, or so much of it as was pretty. Its officers were knaves and fools. They had never read history, they knew not the simplest elementary conditions of war, and they never really expected to fight, certainly not to *conduct* fighting. The consequences of the Bull's Run[1] affair prove this if they prove anything. The exceptions count by thousands, it is true, but the

[1] This was this gentleman's spelling. Bull Run is said to be correct.

central fact is that the army was good for nothing. I really believe that three regiments of regulars well commanded could take the capital to-day, if there were no regulars in it. And how does the country behave? The cruel, savage, senseless poltroons who took to the ambulances and ran over the wounded and left them to die of thirst, taking their water for themselves — the surgeons themselves who went mad with fright — have you hung any of them in Boston? They haven't been named yet; nobody has tried to get their names. But the vermin of various varieties send their names to a New York newspaper to testify that they deserted in spite of the earnest request of their officers on the eve of the first engagement, after having played soldier at the public expense three months, because 'their time was out' and they 'wanted to see their families'! God save their children from living. And the people of New York let these fellows 'return to their business.' Does the history of the world exhibit traces of the existence of anything meaner than that? And the men who did behave well — can you name them? Who cares for them? They are lost in our habit of buncombe.

"We must strain every nerve to put things on

an entirely different footing or we are lost. The very idea of order, precision, punctuality, complete honesty, and exact responsibility is generally lost among us. A man does the meanest things and does not know it; the most gallant things, and unless the spread-eagle takes them up nobody else knows it.

"The women terribly want something to do. Couldn't they be got to form committees to hunt deserters and cowards, knavish contractors and speculating legislators, officers who give no care to their men except for parade and who throw away their coats in battle lest they should be known for officers, soldiers who can't be got to brush their coats or wash their faces or take care of a sick comrade or look twice at an enemy?

"Until in some way or other something allied to discipline can be forced upon these creatures sent here for soldiers, all sanitary preaching is about useless. There ought to be a few hundred men hung here to-morrow. Then we might ask commanding officers to give orders for the health of their men. But orders go for nothing now. They are almost of as little value as promises.

"Now I've told you the whole story. The Sanitary Commission can do nothing but poke

sticks in at the edges. The whole kettle needs to be upset, and you are nearer the long end of the lever in Boston than you would be here.

"As to the matter of Mr. Bishop's concern, I have thought much about it, and talked a good deal and done a little. The small Treasury notes are chiefly for the convenience of soldiers wishing to send to their families. I don't think Mr. Bishop's plan would accomplish much for its cost. The best that I can think of would be some sort of soldiers' savings bank, with agents preceding and following close upon the paymasters. This is a matter for solid men and financiers to think upon. But Dr. Howe has returned now, and you have the Brick Lane branch in full swing. I wish that you would have it talked about, and see if any scheme of the kind will bear beating out to details." [1]

[1] After a friend of mine, an old soldier who knows what he talks about, had read the letter printed above, he wrote to me thus: "It would be a mistake to give permanent prominence to this letter. He ought to have waited three years before he wrote such a letter." I did not attach the writer's name to the letter for reasons which my old friend will approve. My friend continues in these words: —

"It principally shows that there was one official in Washington who was in as bad a panic — or worse — as the army at Manassas.

"Such documents are now chiefly valuable to show the state

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

AS THE WAR WENT ON

It will give a hint of the variety of the work of a church at home when I say that we had our share, through the Sanitary Commission, in help to the hospitals of the army, the relief of its sick, the care of prisoners and refugees, and the education of freedmen. The first teachers who went to Port Royal to teach blacks were my assistant, the Rev. Charles E. Rich, now of California, and one of our Sunday-school teachers, Mr. George N. Boynton. Colonel Everett Peabody commanded the regiment most in advance at Shiloh. He was sure that Grant's army would be attacked, and gave in his report of that certainty. His men, ready for battle, met the first attack, in the gray of the morning, and he and most of them were killed in the onset. It is one of our proud recollections that the flannel shirts which were dyed again that day were made in our vestry.

Three days afterward the young men who

of mind of the writer. John S. Wise is right — The Battle of Bull Run was a Union success up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The panic was most amazing, and humanly unaccountable. But those men were not cowards and poltroons. They afterward fought like heroes on many a bloody field. Pardon me for saying that I think the name of the writer ought to have been attached to this letter."

first appeared at the landing in charge of the hospital steamer after the horrors of the battle of Shiloh were two young physicians from our church, with supplies which we had forwarded — Dr. John Green, now of St. Louis, and Dr. Abram Wilder of Kansas.

The editor of the first newspaper published in a rebel prison was one of our boys, who had volunteered the first day and had been taken prisoner at Bull Run. He is a neighbor of mine, Mr. George E. Bates. The news of the horrors of the second Bull Run came on Sunday morning. Ladies did not go home from the church, but stayed in the vestries to tear bandages, to pack boxes and see them forwarded by the right expresses. I have given notice from the pulpit that hospital attendants were needed by the Sanitary Commission, and men have started the same evening on service which lasted for years. I once had from Richmond a private intimation of methods by which Union officers could be supplied with home stores. We needed a hundred and ten private letters written to as many Northern homes; I told this to the ladies of my class, and the long letters were written and posted before night. I think — but I am not certain — that the only ether and chloroform

which came to the hospital in Richmond where Union officers were treated in the spring of 1864 were boxed and sent from our church.

For all this time the system was going forward by which we forwarded the stores to hospitals, and even regiments, which exigencies outside the regulations suddenly required. And when you go beyond what was physically done within the walls of the South Congregational Church, there is no end to such stories. Men and women gave money like water. The words "public spirit," the "public breath," got an interpretation and meaning they have never lost. God grant they never may!

I have an old box of sermons labelled "War Sermons." I will not make the reader study them. I could not if I would. But the texts are suggestive: "Compel them to come in." "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." "Stand fast in the liberty wherein Christ has made us free." "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." "The unity of the spirit." "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." (This on a sermon which is indorsed, "Take the

loan.") "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields. They are white already to harvest." On a sermon indorsed "Buchanan's Fast," "Put not your trust in princes." As early as March 28, 1859, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." In a sermon marked "Reaction," "The same is he that heareth the word and anon with joy receiveth it, yet hath not root in himself but dureth for a while." "His mercy endureth forever." On the President's Fast, April 30, 1863, "Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." "That they all may be one." "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." "Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forward to those that are before." "And the children of Israel went up and wept before the Lord until even and asked counsel of the Lord, saying, Shall I go up to battle against the children of Benjamin, my brother? And the Lord said, Go up against him." "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory." This on the Thanksgiving Day after the return of peace.

I was at the annual commencement of the Andover Theological Seminary in August, 1861,

just after our defeat at the first Bull Run. The chaplain of the day prayed that McDowell might be forgiven "for having unnecessarily initiated a battle on the Lord's day." My kinsman, Professor Stowe, who was there, told this story of Longfellow, his classmate in college, whom he had met a few days before: Longfellow had stopped him in the street and asked him how things were going on at Andover; and said, "If New Testament will not do, you must give them Old."

Sometimes as an officer of the Sanitary Commission, sometimes to preach to my old parish at Washington, I went on to that city. I dare not say how often as the four years went by.

Here is a curious memorandum of a conversation which I had with Charles Sumner about Lincoln's Compensated Emancipation message:—

"April 26, 1862, Washington.

Nothing shows the power of the President more at the present moment than the way in which every person you meet thinks and gives you to think that he and the President are hand in glove, and, indeed, quite agree.

I went through with this very pleasantly with Dr. Bellows on Tuesday. To-night I took

tea with Judge Thomas, who spoke quite freely of his intimacy with the President, and afterward meeting George Livermore and going with him to call on Mr. Sumner. He entertained us, and very agreeably, with the history of the President's message for compensated emancipation, for which he took a good deal of credit to himself, and which he told me in much these words: —

"That began a good while ago — as long ago as the extra session. But to speak of this session only, the night I got here, Saturday night — Congress meets on Monday — as soon as I had brushed off the dust of travel, I went down to see the President. I talked with him alone two hours about the principal subjects of the message. I talked to him about the Trent affair, about the conduct of the army and General McClellan, and about slavery. About them all we agreed, or agreed very nearly. For about the Trent affair we agreed entirely — that nothing should be said about it. About the army we agreed entirely, and General McClellan, and about slavery we agreed too, though some people would not believe this — the *Daily Advertiser* would not believe it, Mr. Hale. But we did agree so precisely as

this — that the President said after we had spoken of the subject in every detail — these were his very words, 'Well, Mr. Sumner, the only difference between you and me on this subject is a difference of a month or six weeks in time.' 'Mr. President,' said I, 'if that is the only difference between us, I will not say another word to you about it till the longest time you name has passed by.' Nor should I have done so, but about a fortnight after, when I was with him, he introduced the subject himself, asked my opinion on some details of his plan, and told me where it labored in his mind. At that time he had the hope that some one of the border States, Delaware, perhaps, if nothing better could be got, might be brought to make a proposition which could be made use of as the initiative to hitch the whole thing to. He was in correspondence with some persons at a distance with this view, but he did not consult a person in Washington, excepting Mr. Chase and Mr. Blair and myself. Seward knew nothing about it. So it lagged along till the Trent matter came to its crisis. I was with him then, again and again. Lord Lyons sent in Lord Russell's letter. I went over with the President that whole subject.

There were four ways of meeting it. We went over each of the four. We agreed entirely as to the course to be adopted. But I said to him then as I left him, 'Now, Mr. President, if you had done your duty earlier in the slavery matter, you would not have this trouble on you. Now you have no friends, or the country has none, because it has no policy upon slavery. The country has no friends in Europe, excepting isolated persons. England is not our friend. France is not. But if you had announced your policy about slavery, this thing could and would have come and gone and would have given you no anxiety.' The Trent message was settled at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th of December, and that day, or perhaps the next day, I drove him up to it again. I said to him, I remember, 'I want you to make Congress a New Year's present of your plan.' But he had some reason still for a delay. He was in correspondence with Kentucky; there was a Mr. Speed in Kentucky to whom he was writing; he read me one of his letters once; and he thought he should hear from there how people would be affected by such a plan. Every time I saw him, however, I spoke to him about it, and I saw him every two or three days. At

one time I thought he would send in the message on New Year's Day — and I said something about what a glorious thing it would be. But he stopped me in a moment. 'Don't say a word about that,' said he. 'I know very well that the name which is connected with this matter will never be forgotten.' Well, there was one delay and another, but I always spoke to him, till one day, early in January, he said sadly that he had been up all night with his sick child. And I was very much touched, and I resolved that I would say nothing else to the President about this or any other business, if I could help it, till that child were well, or were dead. And I did not. It was a long, complicated illness. It lasted four weeks. And the President attended to no business that could be avoided. He saw no one, he signed no commissions. There were mountains of commissions from the State and Navy and War departments waiting for his signature. Seward presided at the Cabinet meetings. At last, after it was over — I had never said a word to the President again about it — one morning here, before I had breakfasted, before I was up indeed, both his secretaries came over to say that he wanted to see me as soon as I could see him. I dressed

at once and went over; and he said, 'I want to read you my message. I want to know how you like it. I am going to send it in to-day.' So he read it to me, from his own manuscript. And I asked him to let me read it myself, so that I could take it in more carefully. Well, when I began there were some things in it, you know, that I wanted to change — now that word abolishment, that I did not want, but, you know, I said, 'There is to every man an idiosyncrasy, and this is so clearly an aboriginal, autochthonous style of its own that I will not suggest an alteration.'"

"Lucky you didn't," said E. E. H.; "you would have made a pretty botch of it." Mr. Sumner laughed and said, "Yes, I am afraid so. There was, as it was printed, an unfinished sentence. That was a mistake in copying; it was not in his manuscript. Of course, if I had observed a word left out, or any such thing, I would have told him. Well, there was one sentence where I told him that he must let me recast it. I took my pencil, and I said, 'Let me write it thus. I don't want people saying you think this and so.' I was going to turn the sentence round, you know, enough to emasculate it. But he said, 'I'll drop the whole sentence,' and

took his pen and drew it through. I was delighted and so was Chase, who came afterwards to thank me for making him leave it out. I asked him how the Cabinet took it. He had called them together the night before to hear it. I do not know when there has been a Cabinet meeting in the evening. The Cabinet generally meets Tuesday and Friday at 12 and sits until 2. But the President had sent for them all to come to a Cabinet meeting in the evening. 'Oh,' he said, 'they all liked it.' 'Did Seward like it?' said I. 'Oh, yes, he liked it.' 'And old Bates, did he like it?' 'Oh, he liked it most of all.' 'And Smith?' 'Smith, he liked it thoroughly.' I did not ask him about the others, because of them, of course, I knew. Well, I sat with it in my hands, reading it over and not bearing to give it up, but he said, 'There, now, you've read it enough, run away. I must send it in to-day.' He had called his secretary already, and he was waiting. I gave him the first page, and he copied it while I was reading the rest. I rode down to the Senate, and then I went to General Lander's funeral. I was one of the pall-bearers. I met the President there, but I said nothing about this, of course. I rode back to the Senate and found them in executive session.

I went to the desk to see if the message had been sent in, and there it was. I went to one Senator and another, to ask them if they knew what the President had sent in. Oh, some more nominations, they supposed. But I sent them to the desk to see, and so one Senator and another read it there.

"But I had told the President that I should say nothing about it. It should be his act. I might, of course, have made a speech. I might have made some preparation for a speech of welcome to it. But I would not do this. And I said nothing, but to vote as every one else did. Yet I had been the only Senator consulted from the beginning to the end."

I copy the whole of this memorandum of one of Mr. Sumner's conversations, because it shows, in a way which is now as pathetic as it is amusing, what his quite unconscious habit was of patronizing the people with whom he had to do. I have been told that he was the most unpopular man who was ever in the United States Senate. I am afraid this is true. If it is true, it is simply because, without in the least meaning to do so, he would speak with this air of superiority, which was really droll. I do not think myself that he was an arrogant man.

He did sometimes think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but that is a fault which most members of most Senates share with him. There was a certain frankness of manner, almost rustic or pagan, if one may say so, which ruffled people and made them cross when he did not even suspect that he was "riling" them. It is interesting to see how good-naturedly Lincoln took this, and how well he understood Mr. Sumner, through and through.

A YEAR LATER

Here is a letter of my own, of a year later, which shows how varied were the interests in Washington life in the year 1863: —

"The guests were Admiral Davis, General Force, just now from Vicksburg; Colonel Abbot, in command of the defences opposite the city; Mr. Collins, from Asia, who spoke of a despatch he had just had from Irkutsk, and is engaged now in building the telegraph up to Behring's Straits;[1] Dr. Adams, of the Medical Bureau, a sort of aid of Surgeon-General Hammon's, fresh from a tour

[1] This telegraph was built some ten years before its time and was never of any use, but that the Indians regarded it as a God-sent magazine of wire. Indeed, I believe they use it as such to this day. Wire is a great treasure in a savage land.

of inspection at the West, and a Colonel Cunningham. The ladies were only the three pretty Miss Abbots, and Mary certainly did the honors charmingly. I see I have not named Mr. Channing,[1] who was very bright and came out very pleasantly. I do not know when I have been at a brighter party. What is striking, as soon as you are among the military or naval men, is their sweet, simple loyalty, their indifference to politics, and their confidence of success. General Force said that he rode down to Natchez to see a city which had *not* been injured by the war. There he found children playing in the streets, ladies in the verandas, and the city as beautiful as ever. 'And the men?' we asked. 'The men,' he said, had been 'strong enough and of influence enough to keep themselves from being hanged; they had sworn they would not go into the rebel army, had their property seized because they would not, but had protected their families against guerillas, and so had roughed through. And old Dr. Duncan,' said he, 'told me he counted himself worth a million and three hundred thousand dollars when the war began, that he would gladly take fifteen thousand dollars in greenbacks for all that was left, "but the sight

[1] Rev. William H. Channing.

of the old flag," said he, "was worth it all." ' Is not that really touching — to know there is some such feeling somewhere? Admiral Davis told a curious story, illustrating the English confidence in our ruin. After Bull Run, their Hydrographic Office did not send the annual relay of charts which it is their custom to send to the different departments of our Government. And for more than that year, through the next year, they discontinued them, but as soon as we opened the Mississippi last year, they thought the chance of the charts being taken care of amounted to more, and began to send them again. Mr. Channing gave a very interesting account of the exciting debate in the House on the proposed expulsion of Lane and Harris to-day. I had heard a part of this discussion, but had no sense of the feeling it had really excited upon the floor. All this sort of anecdote makes you feel that you really are in the midst of things."

MY FIRST AND LAST BATTLE

A year later still I saw an army for the first time. It seemed to me that I had seen every detail of preparation at Readville, where our own regiments were soldiered. I had followed along all the business where raw volunteers were taken

into camp and regiments got in order for the front. At Fort Independence, in the harbor, there was apt to be a regiment, or more, going through the same process. On Sundays one or another of us went down there to see the boys and preach to them. We knew all about shirts and underclothing and hospital stores, and, alas! we began to know about pensions and State relief. We had more than enough to do with widows and children of men who had been killed, and with women who were virtually widowed, though their husbands were alive at the front. We had sent everything to the hospital stores — testaments, playing-cards, fans, mosquito helmets, and havelocks. But, all the same, I wanted to see an army, and in April, 1864, I went to Washington determined to do so if I could. I stayed in Washington from the 8th of March until the 11th. On the Sunday the memorandum in my note-book is: "Preached at the capital, new brief, 'Compel them to come in.'" It was on this visit that I called on the President.

They all told me that no civilian would be permitted in the camp of Grant's army. But I found that I could go down to Fort Monroe and see General Butler's army.

I had met General Butler that winter at a

dinner given him in Boston, where I sat by him, and we had an interesting conversation for the evening. He had invited me cordially to come and see him at Fort Monroe. On this occasion I had Sanitary business of importance enough to justify my going down the bay to the fort. And I went to Norfolk on the 12th of April. There I was the guest of General Wild — one of our Massachusetts generals — who was at that moment very much interested in the mustering and employment of colored troops.

On the 14th of April I crossed to Fort Monroe, where I was immediately welcomed by General Butler. And he fairly compelled me by his exuberant courtesy to make my home at his house. I spent four or five days very pleasantly there. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 17th, he ordered a review of colored troops on the broad beach to the east and north of the fortress. There were more than five thousand men under arms, mostly negroes, proud of their new position. Over at Hampton, opposite, they sing to this hour the hymn which General Armstrong liked so much: —

"We look like men,
We look like men,
We look like men of war,
All armed and dressed in uniform,
And ready for the war."

And Butler told me that in the movements of the Peninsula these men could be placed where you would think no troops could stand. They were paying off the debts of generations.

On Monday he sent me round to Yorktown and Gloucester, where my friend General Joseph Hawley was in command. I saw a little then of the life of soldiers in the field. When on Tuesday I bade General Butler good-by, I said to him: "The next time you see me I shall be a recruit, and I shall present arms to you at this gateway, as you are riding in." He said, eagerly, "Why, if you will come, Mr. Hale, we will take you to-day. We will put you in the forefront of the battle, as David put Uriah. I suppose there would have been nothing wrong in that if Uriah had asked David to place him there." With this farewell I came home, little thinking that I should so soon have his invitation — shall I say, to take Uriah's place?

But, as I knew, the joint movement by the Army of the James River, on the south, with Grant's army on the north, was impending. And I had been at home but little more than three weeks when I received a telegram from Colonel Shaffer, Butler's Chief of Staff, dated at Bermuda Hundred, a point which Butler had

seized successfully at the junction of the Appomattox and the James rivers. The despatch read, "Come on at once; we are more successful than our best hopes." Who could resist such an invitation? Not I; and I left my plough in the furrow. I arranged somehow for my pulpit, and went at once to Washington. I called on my old friend Edward Townsend, who was Adjutant-general, I think, of the army. He had been a boy in the Latin School with me, and was a few years my senior. I showed him my invitation, told him I thought I could be of use in Sanitary matters, and he gave me a despatch for General Butler. It proved to be a talisman such as Aladdin used to carry. From that moment I was a bearer of despatches and could take great airs on myself. I went down the river at once to Fort Monroe and reported there, to find that all my friends of the staff, with one exception, were in the army at the front, and that a steamer was going up in the morning on which I could go.

We were rather more than halfway up the river when we were arrested for a little by the sound of firing on the shore. It proved that this was one of the days when Fitzhugh Lee had attempted to cut off General Butler's river

communications. He had attacked the field works which we had on the south side of the river. As it happened, some of these works were held by negroes recruited in Virginia, and this was one of the earlier trials of those troops. After a little delay on this account, we pressed on; and just about nightfall arrived at the crowded water-front of Bermuda Hundred. The whole army of twenty-five thousand men had arrived there suddenly a fortnight before, as if it had fallen from the skies. In that time wharves and landing-places had been improvised with marvellous rapidity; and although there was endless confusion, still things seemed to go forward with the kind of energy which marks the work of a well-disciplined army.

For me, I was as ignorant as a freshman is on entering college of what I was to do. I knew that General Butler and his staff were six or seven miles away. I knew that night was falling, and I did not know how I was to go to him. Fortunately for me, as I thought, there was on the boat a member of his staff with whom I had some acquaintance, and I relied upon him to help me through. When we landed, however, he was out of the way, and I could not find him. I suspected that he did not care

to embarrass himself with a civilian and was intentionally keeping out of sight. I think so still.

I therefore did what I always do in life — struck as high as I could. I said to the sentinel that I was a bearer of despatches, and asked him the way to the headquarters of the commander of that post. This gentleman was Colonel Fuller of Massachusetts. He said at once that his own orderly should go with me to General Butler; that the Colonel would lend me his own horse, and would send my valise on the ambulance the next morning. So the horse was saddled, and about the time when it became quite dark the soldier and I started on our way.

He knew no more of the road than I did, and a very bad road it was. I made my first acquaintance with the sacred soil of Virginia then and there. We lost ourselves sometimes, and then we found ourselves, the greater part of the road being the worst possible country road, all cut to pieces by the heavy army work, through woods, not of large trees, which were close enough on both sides to darken the passage. It was nine o'clock or later when we saw the welcome sight of the headquarters camp-fires.

We rode up and I jumped from my horse

to shake hands with General Butler, Colonel Shaffer, and the other gentlemen. They asked instantly how we had passed the batteries. I told the story, and General Butler, who was always effusively polite, and who to his other gracious ways added exquisite facility in flattery, said to me: "We are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Hale; I have been very anxious for two or three hours. I was afraid my despatches were cut off." I had already handed to him the utterly unimportant letter from the War Department which had been my talisman thus far.

Then and there I first heard soldiers talk of what had been done and what had not been done in that day. I knew beforehand that, in the push toward Richmond, we had been flung back on Fort Darling. I did not know, till I came there, exactly how the command was impressed by this delay. But in the headquarters circle I found nothing but confidence, and I very soon saw that I was to understand that we should have taken Richmond but for the heavy fog of the day of battle and some other infelicities. I think now this is probably true.

The fires were kept burning, and we sat and chatted there hour after hour. When we had been there perhaps two hours, up came my dila-

tory military friend of the General's staff, and with sufficient profanity exorcised the roads over which we had ridden. He had never been there before. General Butler heard him through, and then said, "But here is Mr. Hale, who has been here two hours." The soldier turned on me, a little crestfallen — all the other members of the staff sufficiently amused — and he asked me with another oath how I found the way. I said, "We followed the telegraph wire;" and from that day I was rather a favorite with the staff for this civilian snub on a gentleman who was not a favorite.

Meanwhile, somebody had been ordered to pitch a tent for me, and about eleven o'clock, I suppose, I went to bed in my new quarters. I had slept an hour, however, as it proved, when I was awakened by the firing of cannon. I had never heard such firing; as it proved afterward, they were the heaviest guns which I have ever heard in my life. Of course I wanted to jump up, but I said to myself: "It will seem very green if I walk out on the first sound of firing. I suppose this is what I came to the front for. If they want me they will call me, and I shall hear firing enough before I have done." So I turned over and tried to

go to sleep — did go to sleep — and was awakened again by louder and louder firing. All this lasted, I suppose, perhaps an hour, perhaps two. Then all was still, and I went to sleep for the night.

You are awakened in camp, if you are at a major-general's, by the bugles of his cavalry escort, and the next morning I heard their reveille also for the first time. I washed myself, I was already dressed of course, and in a little time an orderly told me that breakfast was ready. I met at breakfast Captain Laurie, a fine old officer of the navy whom I had known slightly in Boston. He said to me, "And how did you like our firing last night, Mr. Hale?" I said that to me, as a civilian, it seemed very loud; but I supposed that that was what I had come to war for, and I did not get up from my bed. Laurie answered as if he would rebuke me for my ignorance, "I have been in the service for thirty-nine years and I have never heard such firing before." I found then, for the first time, that the whole staff had been up and on horseback, had been at the front to try to find out what this firing was, and had returned almost as much perplexed as they went.

It was thus that it happened to me that I spent my first and last battle in bed.

I was acting on the principles of doing the duty which came next my hand and obeying all orders which were given to me by constituted authorities. I had not run away; I was pleased with that. And if I had not personally received the surrender of three or four battle-flags, that was my misfortune.

I had occasion afterward to hear, not to say report, much of the testimony, and to read all the rest of it, which related to this remarkable battle. If you will read the history of the time, as told in the Richmond newspapers and those of New York City, and will put them together, you will learn that on that night a reconnoissance was sent out from our lines into the tangled shrubbery which separated our newly built works from those of the rebels. You will learn that the rebel guns mowed down these columns as corn is mowed down before a tempest. Or, if you read a Northern newspaper, you will learn that a certain column of the rebel troops, who were named, were worse than decimated by similar artillery from our works.

Every word of this was entirely false. In fact, there was a very heavy cannonading from the newly erected works on both sides. As I have said, it lasted an hour or two. Much of it on

our side was from heavy guns which had been landed from the navy to strengthen the battery which we had near the river. But as the result of it all, there was never any evidence that a rabbit was scratched. Certainly no drop of human blood was shed in that encounter of giants.

How it happened so late in the evening I do not know. But what happened was this: A party of ladies had been entertained on board one of our ships of war. As they left an officer, with the gallantry of his profession, asked one of the ladies if she would like to see how a gun was fired, and to do pleasure to her he fired one of the guns in the darkness. At that moment everything was on the *qui vive* ashore, and our land-battery men, eager for something to do, finding that one shot was fired, thought that another had better be fired, and continued firing. This started the successive artillerists for nearly a mile, as our works ran up into the country toward the Appomattox River, and, not to be belated or accused of sleepiness, successive batteries began firing in turn. Of course this roused the equally ready artillerists on the rebel side, and they fired — I suppose at the flashes which they saw a mile or two away. And this was the

famous cannonade which made the whole of my first battle.

The naval officers were dreadfully mortified, our gentlemen at headquarters were indignant beyond account, and the thing almost came to courts-martial and courts of inquiry. But it was wisely thought better to leave the record of it to be made at the end of thirty years by the only person who was at all concerned, who spent the hours of the battle in his bed under canvas.

Such was my first and last battle. Since Shaffer's triumphant despatch to me things had not taken so cheerful a turn. As soon as General Butler had established his position at Bermuda Hundred he had felt his enemy on the side of Richmond, which is hardly fifteen miles away. He had a good army of men under good leaders and in great spirits, and he made a bold forward movement. I think, as I said, a good many of them felt to the day of their death that they would have been in Richmond the night of that movement but for a heavy fog which disconcerted all plans. Men and companies, not to say regiments, were lost in the fog. They all called it "fighting in a fog." The gentleman who commanded our right wing told me that he made his aides carry little sticks with them which they

drove down in this place and that place, that they might be able to mark in the darkness the direction of their routes. And although there was no defeat, at the end of the day nothing had happened.

For me, as soon as I arrived I was most cordially welcomed by the staff. I was immediately registered as a member of the staff, and I spent the better part of a fortnight under canvas. After one day I saw that a civilian was entirely out of place in camp; that I was in everybody's way. Of course I was very anxious to make myself useful. I was sitting with General Butler himself in his tent — a tent, by the way, which had a curious history — when he asked me to strike a bell on the table. An orderly came in and the General said, "Go tell Lieutenant Davenport that I want him." I said: "You are going to call Davenport to write shorthand. He is at work with the court-martial. Do not send for him. Use me." Butler, as I said, was always profuse in his courtesies, and he affected at once that it would be a great service to him if I would write; that he did not want to detach Davenport from the court-martial; and so it happened that all the time I was with him I acted as his personal secretary from eight

in the morning until one every day. Somebody else then took my place, and I in the afternoon wrote out the letters and other notes which we had made in the morning. Thus for that week and more I was behind the scenes, seeing the administration of a great army in all its largest affairs and in its smallest detail. This was the good I then got out of learning to write shorthand in the Brattle Street Meeting-house when I was ten years old.

My campaign ended just when General William F. Smith was ordered off with his army corps to strengthen Grant's army on its advance from the North. Butler was sick that afternoon — sick from rage and disappointment that half his command was taken away from him. He said to me, "General Smith is coming to dine with me, but I must go to bed, and you must entertain him." So Smith and I sat together at a rather gruesome dinner. I said to him, "You are all disappointed that your corps is ordered to the North." Smith said, "Humanly speaking, Mr. Hale, I was as sure of being in Petersburg to-morrow morning at eight o'clock as you are that you are sitting on that chair."

The truth was, we had planned this attack

on Petersburg, and the Department at Washington, which had but little confidence in us, had ordered Smith off just in time to defeat us. Instead of taking Petersburg, his corps were thrown into the carnage of Cold Harbor.

That afternoon, Sunday, General Butler sat with me on the side of a hill, as we saw Smith's division pass from his command. He told me a good deal of his early life. Among other incidents, he told me of a curious chance by which he was compelled to give up his plans for serving under the Emperor of China, plans in which he would have taken the place which Chinese Gordon took afterward. For those plans the marquee had been made in which I had dined that day.

Alas! we were not in Petersburg for well-nigh a year. But in the next April the end came. I have had the account of the sixty miles' march up the Appomattox Valley, which brought the war to an end, from the lips of Robert Lincoln, who was on Grant's staff, and of General Ord himself, who directed that wing of the army. Ord told me the story as, in Texas, we sat by the marble table on which the articles of surrender were written. General Ord had bought it as a historical memorial from the Virginian

owner at the Appomattox Court-house. I have heard Bouvé of Washburn's force give his dramatic account of the gallant movement of the headquarters cavalry, under our Colonel Washburn, of Lancaster, the last martyr of the war in Massachusetts, which met the enemy at High Bridge, and really determined Lee to surrender. That battle at High Bridge ended the war, and in my judgment, is the most dramatic event in the war. As yet we have no "Ballad of High Bridge," but let us hope that the boy is living who will write one.

For what men wanted to write in those days, we had, besides the newspapers, the *North American Review*, edited by Lowell, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Christian Examiner* — of which I was myself one of the working editors, — under the admirable lead of Dr. Frederic Henry Hedge. We boys used to call him "The Chief," as indeed he was. For young editors, who do not understand the great necessity of promptness in a magazine, I will tell two stories of things which wounded me at the time and which point a lesson for those who conduct journals. Mr. William Cullen Bryant, for whom I worked at one time, laid down the rule thus, "If you do not use an article on the day for

which it is written, do not use it at all." This is too strong, but even in the exaggeration there is a great truth hidden, as the philosophers would say.

I was, so to speak, on the staff of the *Atlantic*. This means that I was very intimate with Phillips and, indeed, with Sampson who published it. I was in and out at their publication office till they died, I had been for twenty years on the closest personal terms with Lowell, and when the firm of Fields and Osgood took the magazine, I was very intimate with the dear Fields. So it happened that when in January, 1860, I came home from England I wrote for them an article on the "Working-men's College" which had, just then, been founded by Frederic Denison Maurice, and I told in the article a story of my meeting Thomas Hughes there, for the first time.

The point of the story rested in this. That as he was watching a drill of an awkward squad in the little garden behind the college building in Ormond Street, London, the drill sergeant came up and asked for two more men to fill out the files; and Hughes turned to two of us — both Americans — and asked if we would not fall in. "You only need to know your facings!" Alas

and alas! neither of us did know our facings, and we had to confess it.

Yet at that moment I was registered somewhere as a private in the army of Massachusetts, and somewhere there was a musket and cartridge box for me.

This story I told, not to my own advantage, in my article on the "Working-men's College," and sent the article to the editor of the *Atlantic* who accepted it. I forgot it, and I suppose he did. Imagine my disgust, when the number for April, 1861, came out — that fatal April, — when I was drilling and being drilled, when I wore a uniform jacket, and could drill men who were to be major-generals — this venerable article appeared revealing to a cynical world the fact that I did not know my facings!

Even harder fortune waited on another article of mine, the story of "A Man Without a Country." In the very heart of the war, Vallandigham, an Ohio politician, said on some public occasion, that he did not want to belong to a country which did what Lincoln and the Government were doing. Military law prevailed in Ohio in those days, and General Burnside, who was in command there, arrested Vallandigham, as a traitor, I suppose, and sent him into the Confed-

erate lines with his compliments to the general; we did not want such people, he said; perhaps they did.

With a certain pluck which characterizes Ohio, perhaps, the Democratic party nominated this man for Governor of that State to be candidate in the election of October, 1863. I told Fields of the *Atlantic* at once, that I had in my inkstand the story of "A Man Without a Country," that this would be a good time for it; and that if he could print it in his September number, he should have it in time for the Ohio election. Fields agreed, and I wrote the story, which had required a great deal of study for its details. I had had it in mind long before. I was spending the summer in Worcester, and the library of the Antiquarian Society gave me what no other library in America could have given me so well, — the material for local color as to Aaron Burr and to my Philip Nolan.

Accordingly, the article was in type before September. But alas! not printed, not even in October or November. And Mr. Vallandigham was hopelessly defeated in the October election with no credit to poor me.

I had a standing agreement with Fields that I would write for the *Atlantic* articles to keep

up people's courage. This was when people felt very blue, in the middle of the war. There are one or two of these articles without my name, I believe. Those which bear my name are: "Solid Operations in Virginia," "A Man Without a Country," "Northern Invasions," "How to use Victory," "How Mr. Frye would have Preached it."

As every one is dead now, I suppose I may say that this last story covers in a parable the relations of General Butler with General Banks.

LITERATURE

CHAPTER VI

LITERATURE

NO, we will not deceive ourselves.

The physical power at almost every man's hand in the United States is now a thousand times greater than it was in 1801.

Thus there were then only five steam engines in the country. All together they did not use as much power as is used in one large locomotive to-day.

Two "power-houses in Niagara" utilize fifty thousand "horse-power" where within ten miles in 1801 there was not so much as one horse, serving man or God.

An ocean steamship, in her six days' voyage from New York to Liverpool, develops more power than Cheops had at his command when he built the great Pyramid.

But these are only physical victories.

They are second to the victories or steps of advance which the country has won in its knowl-

edge of the Eternities—in men's progress in Faith and Hope and Love.

My father was a printer. And there were much larger offices in the United States. But it was a printing-office. He printed, by the water-power of the Back Bay in Boston, editions of the Bible, from stereotype plates. He printed for the owners of such plates many other standard books. He also printed the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, the *Semi-Weekly Advertiser* and the *Weekly Messenger*. The circulation of these papers was as nothing to the circulation of newspapers in our time. But the *Advertiser* appeared six times and the semi-weekly twice a week. The size of these papers would now be called diminutive, but there were a great many of them. When he died in 1863, I had the curiosity to calculate the number of pages, and even of words, which he had printed, and I satisfied myself that he had printed more words in that half century than would have been found in all the libraries in the world the day the century came in.

Or compare colleges and schools. Massachusetts has stood as well as any State in arrangements for education. In 1800 she had two colleges, and in both there were hardly two hun-

another at Hollis 15, to say that he lived there afterward.

Mr. Cabot's charming biography gives several illustrations of Emerson's eagerness to relieve his mother, even in the slightest matters of expense; and it is pathetic to see how large was his gratitude for any opportunity to render her any pecuniary assistance. It was not many years before I came into closer personal intimacy with him than this story implies. Beginning with the year 1848, which was the year of the Irish famine, I saw and knew him personally in ways which did me no end of good. I have tried to make other people feel that he was a real man, who went and came with the rest of us and lived as the rest of us live. His simple accessibility to all sorts and conditions of men belongs to his philosophy of life as born and nurtured in the principles which make such easy accessibility possible. Lowell calls him the New England Plato, Holmes calls him the Buddha of the West — good phrases both of them. But everybody must remember that Plato or Buddha, in this case, was an out-and-out New Englander. He knew New England better than many of the politicians know her. He knew some essential things about her business and daily life which

In 1775 there were thirty-seven newspapers in the United States; one was published twice a week, the others were all weeklies. It would be an overestimate if we guessed that the weekly circulation of them all was forty thousand copies. One New York paper now prints more than five hundred thousand copies every day of the three hundred and sixty-five, and every copy contains more of what is called "matter," by a certain satire, than any one of the 1775 journals printed in a year. Twenty-two thousand newspapers are now regularly published here.

The increase in population in the same time is fourteen fold. The census of 1800 showed a population of five million three hundred thousand, that of 1900 showed seventy-five million.

These fragmentary statements are enough to show that the enlargement of the life, whether of individual men or women or of the country, has advanced in directions which are utterly outside of the mechanism of statistics. Now one does not pretend that reading, writing, and arithmetic are the signs of spiritual life or moral victory. But they are excellent tools for a child of God to handle, and we who are trying to study the century, so as to find out whether the

kingdom of God or the chaos of the devil has made headway, may pay some such attention to the tools which men and women have had in hand as the century went by.

Without counting words or pages, it is enough if you will try to read the publications of 1800. Compare the exhibition which they give of the real life of men and women against what we know of the lives of men and women now, we shall begin to see how it is that the living men and women of to-day can control the senseless giants of physical power which in a hundred years God and his children have called into being.

Among a hundred illustrations, the change in literature is one of the most interesting. Its importance must not be overrated, but it is not to be slightly spoken of.

It is, for instance, easy to see that whenever an American wanted to enlarge his life in study, he went, of course, to England. It was precisely as Martial went from Spain to Rome.

Washington Irving, as soon as he had felt his own power, went in 1804 to the south of Europe. At Rome he made the friendship of Washington Allston, and in eighteen months he had travelled

through the Continent of Europe. He came back to America and tried to live here, but after eight years, in which he joined in the Salmagundi and published "Knickerbocker," he went to Europe again. He then lived there seventeen years. Simply this means that he could not live here. For a man like him, the intellectual, spiritual, æsthetic, and literary life of England and the rest of Europe offered advantages, not to say temptations, which America could not offer. That is one instance, which could be multiplied indefinitely, which shows the intellectual desolateness of our own country for the first quarter of a century.

Joel Barlow, as a matter of course, had published his poem in London. As late as 1821 Alexander Hill Everett published his "Europe" in London and reprinted it in his own country. The remark of Sidney Smith's, so often cited, "Who reads an American book?" has been bitterly resented here. But it implied what was substantially true, and it is a convenient enough guide-post to show where the roadway of that time led men. One has only to look at the early American book catalogues and advertisements, say at the droll list which the great house of Harper published in its first five years, to see

churches and church attendance. He used to "go to meeting" regularly in Concord until very nearly the end of his life.

I have one or two memories of the impression which he made in such matters in the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. The graduates of Harvard College choose their own Board of Overseers, and from the beginning of this custom for nearly thirty years Emerson was a member of the Board. He attended the meetings very regularly, and gave a good deal of time to the details of the service. Many years before he died we had an enthusiast at the Board, Dr. Russell, who was very eager to abolish the rules, centuries old, by which students were obliged to attend chapel every day — compulsory chapel, we came to call it. Dr. Russell every year would introduce a movement to make chapel attendance voluntary. It would be favorably reported on by a committee, and would come before the full Board. The Board, however, generally speaking made up of men beyond Dante's middle point of life, were not very much impressed by the suggestions of this committee. However, there were plenty of young speakers to favor the motion, until near the end of the meeting Mr. Emerson would rise

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson returned from his first visit to Europe in 1833. It was soon made known that he would be a lecturer rather than a preacher, and, under the admirable arrangements of the old lyceum systems, he was engaged to deliver some lectures in Boston in the course of what was called the Useful Knowledge Society. I heard those lectures, of which the one which I remember was that on Mahomet, the substance of which is included in "Representative Men," and it must have been at that time that I first saw Emerson to know him by name.

I first spoke to him at the college exhibition of his cousin George Samuel Emerson, a young man who died too early for the rest of us. Young Emerson had, for a few weeks before he entered college, read some of his preparatory Greek with me, and I had become very fond of him. At the junior exhibition, so called, in Cambridge, of 1844, he had the first oration in his class. College "exhibitions" are now unknown in Cambridge, but then they made a pretty part in the life of the time.

What happened was this: Three times a year there was an exhibition — one in May, one in

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

July, and one in October, I think. The first twenty-four of each class first knew that they were as high in rank as this by the announcement of the exhibition parts. The first man in the class had the first English oration.

On such occasions the boys, or men, as they called themselves, who had "parts," if they lived in Boston or had any circle of friends to invite, had a little party in their own room. Such parties are now called "spreads," but that word was then unknown. Eight juniors and eight sophomores would speak at one exhibition; then, as the junior class advanced, eight seniors and eight juniors would speak at the next, and again eight seniors and eight juniors would speak at the third.

Young George Emerson, as first scholar in his class, had the oration on this occasion. The chapel contained two or three hundred of his friends and the friends of his classmates. After the whole was over, and as the assembly broke up, I crossed the chapel that I might speak to Ralph Waldo Emerson, who stood alone, as it happened, under the gallery. I introduced myself to him, and I said I wanted to congratulate him on the success of his cousin. He said: "Yes, I did not know I had so fine a young

cousin. And now, if something will fall out amiss, — if he should be unpopular with his class, or if his father should fail, or if some other misfortune can befall him, — all will be well." I was indignant with what I called the cynicism of his speech. I thought it the affectation of the new philosopher who felt that he must say something out of the way of common congratulation. But I learned afterward, what he had learned then, that "good is a good master, but bad is a better." And I do not doubt now that the remark, which seemed cynical, was most affectionate.

In the same college he had been "President's Freshman." This meant that he had a room assigned to him, without paying for it, and perhaps some other privileges, in return for which the President sent him on his errands. Emerson's father and the President, Dr. Kirkland, had been neighbors and friends. I may say in passing that the room is now occupied by the bursar of the college, and when we "get around to it," as our fine Yankee phrase is, we are going to put up a bronze to say that Emerson lived here the first year of his college life; we are going to put up another at Hollis 5, to say that he lived there when he was a sophomore, and yet

another at Hollis 15, to say that he lived there afterward.

Mr. Cabot's charming biography gives several illustrations of Emerson's eagerness to relieve his mother, even in the slightest matters of expense; and it is pathetic to see how large was his gratitude for any opportunity to render her any pecuniary assistance. It was not many years before I came into closer personal intimacy with him than this story implies. Beginning with the year 1848, which was the year of the Irish famine, I saw and knew him personally in ways which did me no end of good. I have tried to make other people feel that he was a real man, who went and came with the rest of us and lived as the rest of us live. His simple accessibility to all sorts and conditions of men belongs to his philosophy of life as born and nurtured in the principles which make such easy accessibility possible. Lowell calls him the New England Plato, Holmes calls him the Buddha of the West — good phrases both of them. But everybody must remember that Plato or Buddha, in this case, was an out-and-out New Englander. He knew New England better than many of the politicians know her. He knew some essential things about her business and daily life which

the scientific writers on politics do not know to-day; and he was never misled by mediæval or European analogies. In the midst of the Irish famine I told him that a poor Irish family threw out of the window the corn meal which we had sent to them. And he stated the central principle of the whole business when he said, "You should have sent them hot cakes."

He would stand on the sidewalk of the Concord post-office before the mail came in that he might talk politics with the nurserymen or farmers. He worked in his own garden; he set out his own pear trees; he did it very badly, as the rest of us do, but it pleased him that he did not belong to the Brahminical caste; and that he was one of the Concord people, and that he touched elbows with the rest of them.

It would be ridiculous to call him a man of business. Yet one remembers that he sent to Carlyle the first money which Carlyle ever received for his books. He told me himself that the first money he received from any of his own books was that which Phillips and Sampson paid him in the year 1850 for "Representative Men." Mr. Phillips, of that firm, told me that Emerson wrote to him a note to say that a mistake had been made, and that he meant that the proceeds

of the first sale were to be spent for the stereotype plates and the cost of the impression. Mr. Phillips replied to him that that was provided for and that what he had received was the balance which was due him. On this he came into the counting-room of the young firm and asked if he could use the check for any purpose, as he had no printers' bills to pay with it. And Mr. Phillips had to explain to him how to indorse the check, which was made to his order. It was his first experience in that branch of finance.

I am writing these lines on the morning after I return from Hanover, where Dartmouth College has been doing itself honor by celebrating Webster's hundredth birthday. It has been thought necessary to justify Webster for the "7th of March speech"; and that justification has been wrought out in the admirable address of Mr. McCall. In that connection it is a little pathetic to read the early letter from Emerson in which he speaks with enthusiasm of the choice of Webster to Congress in 1822. I have cited it in an earlier chapter of this series.

It is idle to say here a word about the influence which Emerson's writings have had in this country. I have already reminded the reader of Gladstone's interest in Emerson's early

address. I was told the other day, by a man who seemed to know, that of the authorized editions and of the cheap editions published since the copyright expired on his early books, nearly five million copies of the first series of the Essays have been printed in America. I am told that in Scotland they are found on almost every table of the workingmen. I do not suppose that there are in America more than ten million homes. If the statement made to me is true, there is a copy of Emerson's essays for every two of these homes.

Dean Stanley said to President Eliot the day he left America that he had heard, while he was here, some of our most eminent preachers, generally "evangelical" in denominational position, but that it made no difference what the man's name was, the sermon was always by Ralph Waldo Emerson. This experience of Dean Stanley's states well enough the theological position of all the sects to-day. The immanent presence of God here and now, the kingdom of God, is at hand — this is the essence of all the religion of America at this hour. Of Emerson himself it is interesting to say that while he declined to fulfil what were the formal functions of a clergyman, he always believed in

churches and church attendance. He used to "go to meeting" regularly in Concord until very nearly the end of his life.

I have one or two memories of the impression which he made in such matters in the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. The graduates of Harvard College choose their own Board of Overseers, and from the beginning of this custom for nearly thirty years Emerson was a member of the Board. He attended the meetings very regularly, and gave a good deal of time to the details of the service. Many years before he died we had an enthusiast at the Board, Dr. Russell, who was very eager to abolish the rules, centuries old, by which students were obliged to attend chapel every day — compulsory chapel, we came to call it. Dr. Russell every year would introduce a movement to make chapel attendance voluntary. It would be favorably reported on by a committee, and would come before the full Board. The Board, however, generally speaking made up of men beyond Dante's middle point of life, were not very much impressed by the suggestions of this committee. However, there were plenty of young speakers to favor the motion, until near the end of the meeting Mr. Emerson would rise

and say substantially this: "Religious worship is the most important single function of the life of any people. I derived more benefit from the chapel service when I was in college than from any, perhaps from all, other exercises which I attended. When I am in Europe, I go on every occasion to join in the religious service of the people of the town in which I am. For this reason, I should be sorry to see the attendance at chapel made to vary with the wishes at the moment of the young men." Perhaps in writing out this speech, which I have heard five or six times, I make it longer than it was. No one ever cared to speak after this, and as long as he lived compulsory chapel was maintained. I was a member of the Board myself through all those years, and I am sure that it was his influence which maintained that custom so long.

For myself, I thought then, and I think now, that attendance at prayers should be placed in our colleges where elective studies are placed. I think a man who attends chapel six times a week should be credited for three hours of public attendance, exactly as if he had elected Greek for the same length of time.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LONGFELLOW AND SUMNER.

Longfellow came to Cambridge to be Smith Professor of Modern Literature in the spring of 1837.

I was a sophomore, and Samuel Longfellow, of my class, was my nearest friend. We lived

in close friendship until he died, half a century after. Our intimacy began on that August day when we were examined for college. I have told how my father went on horseback from his father's home to Williams College thirty years before. I did not go on horseback from Boston to Cambridge in August, 1835. No! but we borrowed the horse and chaise of my uncle, who was a doctor in Boston — we rose at five — and presented ourselves, a trifle late, just after six o'clock, at the college, when the examination of freshmen was beginning. The other boys of my class at school had come in a special omnibus. But "Uncle Doctor" had offered us the chaise, and we took it. "We" means my brother and I.

I tell the story as an illustration of the simplicity of those times. For at about the same minute arrived at the steps of "University Hall" two other chaises, both from Maine. In one was Francis Brown Hayes, with his father, Judge Hayes, from South Berwick. In the other was Samuel Longfellow, with his father, Judge Longfellow, from Portland. Both boys had started that morning before sunrise for the last dozen miles of their journey. In such Spartan manner did they prepare for an examination which covered thirteen hours of that day.

The accident of our all being a little late brought us three into the twelfth or last section. And so began an intimate friendship — as of three musketeers, if you please. Hayes appears as Hayes St. Leger in one or two of my novels. He picked up that name as a sort of college joke.

Samuel Longfellow and I walked together, studied together, recited together, wrote verses together, and thus, naturally, when his brother Henry came to be Professor, I came to know him — well — better than the average sophomore did.

The college, or "seminary," as the President used to call it, was then a little school of two hundred and fifty boys and men, whose ages ranged from thirteen years to thirty. They were taught in a sort of high-school fashion by two or three tutors, three or four instructors in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, by two professors in Greek and Latin, two in mathematics and physics, one in chemistry, one for rhetoric and English, and one for "Moral Philosophy." Into this snug little coterie came Henry Longfellow. As I say, I had a special opportunity to know him well from my friendship with his brother Sam. Perhaps this makes me exaggerate a little the sort of breezy life which, as I think, he brought into the older company.

If they really thought there was nothing worth considering beyond the echoes of the college bell — and most of them did think so — this handsome young Smith Professor undeceived them.

ABIEL SMITH.
Founder of the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard College.

He was fresh from Europe. He could talk in French with Frenchmen, Italian with Italians, and German with Germans. The very clothes

on his back had been made by Parisian tailors, the very tie of his neckcloth was a revelation to the sedateness of little Cambridge. Then he was dead in earnest in his business, which was more than some of them were.

This excellent Abiel Smith, who had given new glory to the name of Tubal Cain, had provided for a professorship of modern literature. Men say it is the first such professorship which was ever known in any university in the world; the business of colleges formerly having been to praise the past and to say that it was better than the present.

George Ticknor, a Dartmouth graduate, had been the first to fill this chair, and he had given it distinction. Now Longfellow, a Bowdoin graduate, had been called to take Mr. Ticknor's place. In the traditions of the "seminary" he was the overseer of the foreign teachers who gave instruction in their several languages, and he lectured on such subjects as he chose. But this young Smith Professor pushed all traditions aside. He meant to teach himself. He had his own views about teaching German, and when they told him there was no recitation-room for him, he said he would meet his class in the Corporation parlor in University Hall. This was

a good deal as if some enterprising young Gamaliel had told a high priest that he would meet his class in the Holy of Holies. So Mr. Longfellow said, however, and so it was. He told Sam that he wanted to teach some boys German in his own way, and Sam recruited a dozen of us, who used to sit in the sacred chairs of the Corporation's guests, around the sacred table where we imagined that Constitution madeira or sherry of matchless brands were served for the sacred Seven of the Corporation. And there, with our friendly young professor, we recited German ballads which he had made us commit to memory.

All this meant much freer intimacy between us and him than we had had with any of our instructors before. You could take your constitutional walk with Longfellow, you could play a game of whist in the evening with Longfellow, you could talk with him with perfect freedom on any subject, high or low, and he liked to have you. I think myself that with his arrival a new life began for the little college in that very important business of the freedom of association between the teachers and the undergraduates. In the English Cambridge and Oxford, the theoretical relation of the graduates and the under-

graduates is that of companions in the same society — what President Eliot calls "this society of scholars." Up to Longfellow's time the relation at Cambridge had been simply that of teacher and pupil, to a very limited extent that of master and servant, as when Waldo Emerson took President Kirkland's errands for him. From Longfellow's day to this day I think the sense of companionship has worked itself into the habits and etiquettes of the college. This is as it should be. At the English Cambridge I have heard a freshman who had not been a month in Trinity College read one of the Scripture lessons in chapel. "He is one of us."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Holmes was born in the parsonage where his father lived, the minister of the First Church in Cambridge. The house was an old-fashioned relic of the last century. He never forgot that Ward, the first commander of the Americans in the siege of Boston, lived there; no! nor that the detachment which marched from Cambridge to fight the battle of Bunker Hill stood at attention there, at sunset, while their chaplain offered prayer, on the 16th of June, 1775.

In his attic room, which had become his study and workroom, he wrote the ballad of "Old Ironsides," which saved from destruction the frigate *Constitution* — the pride of New England, and now the historical monument of the short English war, as the Minotaur at Athens was of the days of Theseus.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I used to tell Holmes that I thought I was the first schoolboy who ever repeated that poem upon the school platform.

"Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every tattered sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The battle and the gale."

Have we no young poet who will save the New Hampshire forests for us to-day?

This was nearly seventy years ago. In more than one spirited poem of those days of the end of the twenties and the beginning of the thirties of our century, Holmes showed what was in him and how much could be expected from him. Those who have studied his poetry would say that he never wrote anything better than those early lyrics which made men laugh or cry, as he chose, which he printed when he was almost a boy in the college magazine. I think if a boy of twenty did such work now, it would be almost certain that he would at once be ranked as a literary man, say as Kipling is to-day, with hardly a thought of any other profession. But in 1830 I suppose men thought of literature and poetry more as Ben Franklin's father did. When Franklin had achieved his first success in verse, still a boy, his father told him that poets were always poor, and that he had better not risk himself in their ranks. I think it is better for Holmes and for the world that he had for twenty years the accurate and diligent training of his profession. And I think he thought so.

He says himself, more than once, that Lowell dragged him back into literature, when Holmes was more than forty years old, and was a dis-

tinguished professor of anatomy. He had early chosen the profession of medicine, he had studied in the Harvard Medical School and in Paris, and he entered upon the general practice of medicine in Boston. He is always spoken of there as Dr. Holmes, and this does not mean that more than one university had made him a Doctor of Laws. Very young to receive such an honor, he was made professor of anatomy in Dartmouth College, and afterwards promoted to the same duty in the larger Medical College where he had himself studied.

No man ever won more delighted interest in his pupils than he did in his lectures.

The *New England Magazine*, of late years revived to a very brilliant career, was founded in 1831 by some young men named Buckingham, when Holmes was just beginning on active life. He had begun to write in it a series of papers which he called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," when the magazine, for want of readers, expired. Twenty years after, when Lowell asked him to write for the first number of the new-born *Atlantic Monthly* he took the old pen and dipped it in the old ink, "As I was saying when you interrupted me." Those are the first words of the series of inimitable essays which, under differ-

ent names, he then continued for many years, and which did so much to make him generally known.

One characteristic of those papers, and of all he wrote and said, is the range, one would say boundless, of his observation, and of the illustrations he draws from it. One feels as if he had read everything and remembered everything. Here are nine successive titles, which I have taken, in their alphabetical order, from the index to his collected works. They compass sea and land, the past and the present: —

"Agassiz."

"Age, Softening Effect of."

"A Good Time Coming."

"Air-pump."

"America, The English."

"Analogies, The Power of Seeing."

"Anatomists."

"Anglo-Saxons, do they die out in America."

"Animal under It."

The diligence, the accuracy, which belong to the duty and work of a great physician appear in all his work. There is no splash-dash about it. He never tells you that he threw it off thus and so (though he often did), but he never speaks as if care, and the "file," as

Horace calls care, were disreputable. I am rather glad to say this as a warning to young writers. I think nothing is more sure to drive an office editor crazy than to have some young enthusiast say, "I threw this off last night," or, "I send you fresh from the pen" this or that. People who print magazines for a million readers do not want to give them that which has been thrown off. It is much better to send them something which has seasoned in the back of your table drawer for one, two, or three years.

I said in a public address the other day that I wished the right person would bring together the ballads and songs and scraps from longer poems which illustrate the history of the country. Really it is pretty much all of the history of the country which people will need to know in the twenty-fifth century. I was sitting with Holmes one day, when, with a good deal of pride, he took down his own Pittsfield poem of the year 1849 and read: —

"O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers — they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;

O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.
No! by these hills, whose banners now displayed
In blazing cohorts autumn has arrayed;
By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagle's nest;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines —
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And, true to God, to Freedom, to Mankind,
If her chained bondage Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run,
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won!"

"Is not that good prophecy," he said, "twelve years before the time?"

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him their verses. I am afraid he was too kind. Of Emerson, in the same business, it used to be said that all his geese were swans. He was always telling you about some rising poet who was going to astonish the world. I ought to tell of the welcome which Longfellow gave to every tramp who came to his door, if only the tramp happened to speak a foreign language. And no literary wayfarer, however crude and unsophisticated, knocked at Holmes's hospitable gate who was not made welcome.

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> "Vanquished Percy, to complete the tale,
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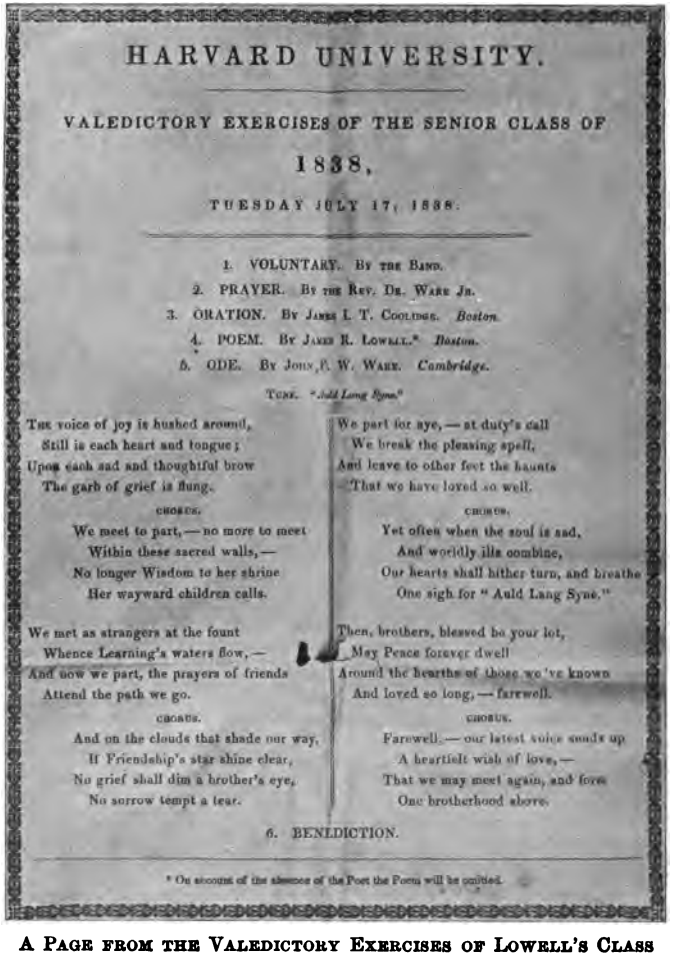
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, JOHN HOLMES, ESTES HOWE, AND ROBERT CARTER AT A GAME OF WHIST.
Photographed by Black in 1859.

His boyhood's home is but little changed; — a beautiful old house of the kind which rich Tories lived in, and which we are apt in New England to call colonial houses. His mother was not in strong health, and his training fell

much into the hands of an older sister, a charming woman, who seems to have known early that she had a poet to bring up. At all events, the training was just such as one might be glad that a poet should have. Lowell's love of nature is not in the least manufactured, and his acquaintance with hang-birds and blue jays and brown thrushes is the friendship of a man who has known them from his childhood. So, in skating on Fresh Pond, in tracing up Beaver Brook, and in the freedom and ease of his knowledge of trees and flowers, you find, I do not say a country boy, but a boy who has been brought up in the open air.

Of Lowell I have written quite at length in a separate volume.[1] I will only speak here of one or two charming personal characteristics to which I think even Mr. Scudder, in his interesting biography, and perhaps Mr. Howells, in his charming reminiscences, do not call quite the attention which they deserve. This is not the place for criticising his work as an author.

When I entered college in 1835, I shared the room Stoughton 22 with my brother Nathan. We lived there two years. From the very beginning I found that Lowell was almost a third partner in our company. He was in and out at

[1] "James Russell Lowell and his Friends."

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

VALEDICTORY EXERCISES OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF

1838,

TUESDAY JULY 17, 1838.

1. VOLUNTARY. By the Band.
2. PRAYER. By the Rev. Dr. Ware Jr.
3. ORATION. By James I. T. Coolidge. *Boston.*
4. POEM. By James R. Lowell.* *Boston.*
5. ODE. By John F. W. Ware. *Cambridge.*

Tune. "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

The voice of joy is hushed around,
Still is each heart and tongue;
Upon each sad and thoughtful brow
The garb of grief is flung.

chorus.

We meet to part,—no more to meet
Within these sacred walls,—
No longer Wisdom to her shrine
Her wayward children calls.

We met as strangers at the fount
Whence Learning's waters flow,—
And now we part, the prayers of friends
Attend the path we go.

chorus.

And on the clouds that shade our way,
If Friendship's star shine clear,
No grief shall dim a brother's eye,
No sorrow tempt a tear.

We part for aye,—at duty's call
We break the pleasing spell,
And leave to other feet the haunts
That we have loved so well.

chorus.

Yet often when the soul is sad,
And worldly ills combine,
Our hearts shall hither turn, and breathe
One sigh for "Auld Lang Syne."

Then, brothers, blessed be your lot,
May Peace forever dwell
Around the hearths of those we 've known
And loved so long,—farewell.

chorus.

Farewell,—our latest voice sends up
A heartfelt wish of love,—
That we may meet again, and form
One brotherhood above.

6. BENEDICTION.

* On account of the absence of the Poet the Poem will be omitted.

A Page from the Valedictory Exercises of Lowell's Class at Harvard.

Horace calls care, were disreputable. I am rather glad to say this as a warning to young writers. I think nothing is more sure to drive an office editor crazy than to have some young enthusiast say, "I threw this off last night," or, "I send you fresh from the pen" this or that. People who print magazines for a million readers do not want to give them that which has been thrown off. It is much better to send them something which has seasoned in the back of your table drawer for one, two, or three years.

I said in a public address the other day that I wished the right person would bring together the ballads and songs and scraps from longer poems which illustrate the history of the country. Really it is pretty much all of the history of the country which people will need to know in the twenty-fifth century. I was sitting with Holmes one day, when, with a good deal of pride, he took down his own Pittsfield poem of the year 1849 and read: —

"O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers — they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;

O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms
Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,
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No! by these hills, whose banners now displayed
In blazing cohorts autumn has arrayed;
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work in the study of modern literature, not for the college classes, but for our own gratification or for Alpha Delta.

What we did in what we may call the range of modern literature, was done in our own way. At the evening literary meetings, Alpha Delta

JUDGE LOWELL.

Phi, as early as 1837, I must have heard Lowell's papers on Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, and the other English poets, which afterward he printed in more completed form. When the time came for a Hasty Pudding Poem or for an any-

thing-else poem, he was always, as a matter of course, asked to write it. And when he graduated, we of that inner circle knew that he was to be the poet for the whole Nation, as we know now that he has been. When in Rome, in 1838, his dear old father was told that his classmates had chosen him class poet, he said: "Oh, dear, James promised me that he would quit writing poetry and would go to work." What father is there in a million who would not, on the whole, be glad if at seventeen years of age his son had made him such a promise! But alas and alas! where would our American world of 1902 be if James had been willing to hold to such well-meant intention!

I should like to correct definitely and squarely the impression that he was a lounger, loafer, or lazy in any regard. It is quite true that he was indifferent to college rank, and neglected such and such college exercises which he did not fancy, so far that he did not take high place in the rank list; but he was in no sense lazy. When he read, it was not superficial reading; and I am quite sure that he used the library when he was an undergraduate as very few of us did. In his after life he speaks somewhere of his working fifteen hours a day, when he was at

the same time editor of the *North American Review* and of the *Atlantic Monthly*. At that time the exigencies of the Civil War called upon every man to do his best, and Lowell was not one of the shirkers.

Nor, in my looking back on Mr. Howells's reminiscences and my own, and Mr. Scudder's Memoir, and the two volumes of Lowell's letters which Mr. Norton edited, do I think that as much has been said as ought to have been said of his unselfishness and constant generosity. I could give instance on instance, if it were best, of acts of pecuniary generosity on his part such as Philistines would say were wrong for a man of his uncertain income. It seemed enough for him to know that another man was in need for him to find out how to relieve it. I have some very interesting letters which show the tact with which his generosity enabled him to help men who were working their way through college and whom he meant to help somehow or other.

It ought to be said, also, that his ready friendship for all sorts and conditions of men gave to him what he deserved, a world of friends. When my *Outlook* reminiscences of Lowell were brought together in a volume, I sat down one evening and

wrote the names of two hundred and twenty persons, friends of his, who had given me their assistance in the composition. I do not believe there was ever any other biography which was written by two hundred and twenty people. But these papers had been published in twelve numbers. I thought when I began that I had a good deal of material drawn from old friendship, from my brother's correspondence with him, and from that of a great many friends. But the first number was hardly published before I began to receive notes, sometimes from neighbors, sometimes from distant strangers, who sent me this anecdote of Lowell or that, this picture or that, or this or that bright letter. As I say, before the twelve numbers were finished there were in this way at least two hundred and twenty coadjutors in the preparation of those reminiscences. "A man who has friends should show himself friendly." This is the wise admonition of the Book of Ecclesiasticus, savoring a little in Israelitish fashion of the weaklier side of Jacob's character. Certainly, Lowell justifies the reversing of the epigram. His life shows that the man who is friendly is sure to have friends.

all times from quarter past six, when morning prayers were over, up to any hour you please of the night. His father's house was, as I say, rather more than a mile away. Lowell had a college room, but it was outside the yard, and he used our room almost as if it were his own, and I need not say that we liked to have him. I should say that he was at that time my brother's most intimate college friend. Their tastes were similar, their home life was similar, their friends in Boston and Cambridge circles were the same. From that time until he died I was on intimate terms with Lowell. After we all graduated, until he married, my father's house in Boston was his home, somewhat as Stoughton 22 and Massachusetts 27 had been in our college days.

I came to know very soon of the very wide range of his reading and of his diligent interest in literature. His acquaintance with modern literature was far beyond what any of the rest of us had, even in the little circle of his friends. He was one of the charter members of Alpha Delta Phi, then a new-born literary society. It was really a literary society. There was nobody among our teachers, except Longfellow, who cared a straw whether we knew the difference between Voltaire and Volta, and we did our best

work in the study of modern literature, not for the college classes, but for our own gratification or for Alpha Delta.

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A REVIEW

CHAPTER VII

A REVIEW

HERE is the conclusion of the whole matter. 1901 found the United States another Nation from what 1800 left it.

In 1901 no man in his senses, who knew anything, would have consented to live as his grandfather lived a hundred years before.

This means that in the United States, as the century went on, God and Man worked together as they had never worked before in the history of the world.

And as a consequence, man with man worked together as they had never done before.

1. Open promotion for every child born into the world asserted itself as never before.

2. To every man it was gradually made clear that he was a Son of God, and, if he chose, could partake of the Divine Nature. Men who can borrow Omnipotence are not apt to fail.

The advance thus made in the three Eternities, in Faith, Hope, and Love, accounts for the

advance, which has been infinite, in civilization. To work with God, to live in heaven, to work together and not separately, these laws, or habits, or systems — these are all. And All is enough.

1. Open promotion for each and all comes with universal suffrage and general education.

Old John Adams, when he was making the Constitution of Massachusetts, said that he meant that every boy and girl born in Massachusetts should receive a liberal education. He did not mean that they should learn to read Latin badly and write Latin badly. He did mean that they should speak and understand the language of their time. "If they were diligent in their business, they would stand before kings." And no matter who the kings asked to meet them, John Adams meant that the sons and daughters of Massachusetts should be able to hold their own in the conversation. He meant that they should speak English and understand English as well as any man in any place. And he meant that there should be no "village Hampdens" or "inglorious Miltons." He meant that if Abraham Lincoln, born in a log-cabin, among the poorest and, if you please, the meanest of mankind, should be the man

needed in the advance of the country, he should have the education which the duty demanded. The country has not gained this yet, which John Adams asked for Massachusetts; but we are on the way toward it. When you see a class of boys entering at New Haven, or a class of girls at Northampton, you see that the country insists that, as God lives, they shall have the best. Open promotion for all.

2. To every man it has been made clear that God is on his side, that God is his Father, and he is God's child. This was not clear in 1801.

It is in such changes in the spiritual life of men up to 1901 that you have the secret of that advance in vital power which accounts for the advance in physical resources. This accounts for the enlargement of all men's plans and possibilities. It explains so far the reasons why the world of 1901 is a better world to live in than the world of 1801. Even the faithful Christian of the beginning of the century was harrowed and haunted by his feeling that God was angry with the world which he had made, and might well be sorry that he had placed any men or women in it. To speak simply, men were tangled up in every effort to get forward by the twisted stems of their fathers' theology.

It was like a man stumbling and sometimes falling in woodland when he catches his feet in greenbrier or moosewood.

I remember as late as the Forties, when I was talking with an enthusiastic girl well up in her "Five Points" of Calvin, that she cried out, "I trust the People: the People is always right." I said, wickedly, "How can you say that, when you believe that, of nature, all of the People are totally depraved and incapable of good?" Poor girl! To this hour I remember the pathetic reproach of her reply — her despair that the old theology would not even permit her to be a patriot.

There are enough of the sermons of 1801 in print for any one who chooses to make a guess as to what the so-called religion of America was. So far as theology went, the preachers taught all hearers that they were born totally depraved and incapable of good. But it is fair now to say that no pulpit in America dared to make this announcement last Sunday, whatever that Sunday may be to the reader of these lines. Again, if the reader will struggle with a hundred or two of these sermons of 1801 or thereabouts, he will find that the appeal in them is an appeal to the individual sinner. He must reform

his ways. But at the present moment whoever will read in the Monday paper, in New York or in Boston or Chicago, the appeals of the pulpit on the day before, will find no such thing. He finds a determination on the part of the preacher of religion that the kingdom of God shall come.

Stated very simply, it would be fair to say that the real religion of to-day is the religion of the Lord's Prayer. On the other hand, the religion which asserted itself in pulpits a hundred years ago was the hard and bitter conclusion which John Calvin had arrived at. It ought to be said in his defence that his conclusions were arrived at after a half-century of war, at a period when it seemed to men, indeed, as if the kingdom of heaven on earth was as impossible as he thought it to be. Now let the reader try to fancy what was the position a hundred years ago, say of a chaplain in a jail, if there were any such person. How much or how little did that man believe that his ministrations with the prisoners achieved anything? Or imagine yourself going into a fight with Tammany, and having to rely upon a body of people in New York of whom you knew that nineteen-twentieths were children of the devil who could not be regenerate. If you really try to put yourself in the

place of your great-grandfather, you will not wonder that the religious world of to-day is more cheerful and courageous than was his. Simply, if you know you are a child of God, as you do; if you know that God works in you when you try to will and do of his good pleasure,—and this you do know now,—the world is a very different world from what it was when you were told once a week that you were the child of the devil.

It is perhaps true that a few old gentlemen try to persuade themselves that for a few years more they may stammer out some old-fashioned sentences which defame God in despising man. But, really, the world of the new century, whether on the throne of the Pope or in the appeal of the come-outer, owns God as our Father, knows he is at hand, and asks him for everything.

We must take care, then, not to regard the American Revolution as simply a change in the political relations of America. The war of the Revolution was the doom of Calvinism. Philosophically speaking, it would perhaps be enough to say that if men have equal rights on earth, they must have equal rights to heaven. Practically speaking, the same thing was asserted when

every man was compelled to take his gun on his shoulder and go out and fight King George. If you swept the Connecticut Valley, as in 1777 you did, of every boy and man from fifteen years of age to fifty-five, to go out "to fight Burgine," you could not say to those men and boys, when they came back, that they were all incapable of good and that nineteen-twentieths of them would certainly be damned. Or, if you said it, you almost knew that they would not believe you any longer.[1]

Without people's knowing it, therefore, Universal Suffrage came in. The separate steps to it were considered so unimportant that it would be difficult now to write the history. Almost everywhere the local governments originally demanded a small property qualification for the vote, though from the beginning no such qualification was exacted anywhere in ecclesiastical affairs. But this demand dropped out, more from the inconvenience of the property qualification than from any very eager protest. To this hour, the distinction between a property

[1] The Frenchman Chastellux was in America two or three years with Rochambeau. He says squarely that in his frequent travels back and forth from Newport to southern Virginia he never met a man of fighting age who had not served against the King. Whether he wanted to or not, he had to serve.

qualification and universal suffrage seems to theorists of great importance; but in America practically nine-tenths of the voters are men of property.[1]

When you thus create a pure democracy in what you call affairs of state, you cannot maintain an aristocracy or hierarchy in what you call the affairs of religion.

And here are the fundamental causes of the bleakness and imbecility of what people would call the religious literature of the quarter-century which follows the Revolution. Preachers certainly felt that anything they had to say on the old lines did not much interest a people who were discussing the most important principles of social order, and by the results of such discussion were organizing their civil communities.

For the religious revolution implied in the changes between 1801 and 1901, it is impossible to give credit to any one man, or any ten men, or any hundred men. The advance is an advance all along the line. We owe a great deal to the Methodist revival, which has met no check in America since the great days of Whitefield.

[1] Thus, at the Cleveland-Harrison election more individual holders of property paid taxes on that property in Massachusetts than voted for all the candidates for the Presidency.

We owe a great deal to the Swedenborgian, or the New Church. America owes a great deal to Murray and Ballou and the Universalists in the East, and to Campbell and the other movers in the West. The Congregational Church, both Evangelical and Unitarian, was really renewed by such prophets as Emerson and Channing, Bushnell and the Beechers. And the whole English-speaking world of every communion, that of the Church of Rome included, has been inspirited by James Martineau.

Meanwhile the People governed itself, as it should do in a democracy. Quite outside the chatter and clatter of what is called Politics, quite outside of administrations and debates, and bills passed to the third reading, and appointments to office, the People was taking care of its own interests. It took care of them in such gigantic movements as those which multiplied the exports of cotton from eight bags in 1784 to two million and a half bales in 1850; in such movements as sent steamboats up into the fountain streams of rivers till they were leaving their passengers and their freight in creeks where they could not turn round; and in such enterprises at sea as the fur trade of the Northwest, with the correlative commerce

of India, the whale-fishery which "whitened with its sails" all oceans.[1]

The original and independent work in the realms of education and religion was of equal importance or more; and, as I have implied, there is no coherent study of the century which does not recognize as fundamental the changes wrought in the education of the hearts and minds and souls of men. An entire revolution had been wrought in such education by the American Revolution and what followed.

LIMITATIONS AND SELECTIONS

I have been frank with the reader. I have invited him to look through my own keyhole upon this landscape of a hundred years' horizon. He must understand, I think, that through one keyhole you cannot see the whole.

And even where my own personal recollections would have helped me — or the stores of manuscript and of pamphlet and scrap-book here in this house where I write — still it has been better to select only a few of the miracles of the

[1] Burke's fine phrase in which he says that the sails of the Nantucket fishermen "whitened both oceans" means the northern and southern Atlantic. Not many years after the first Nantucket ship passed Cape Horn.

century, or of its misfortunes, or of the lives of a few of its charlatans and a few of its leaders, than to nibble at every cake in the cake-box.

I was once asked to furnish in two thousand words a sketch of the literature of these same hundred years. It was intimated to me that it would be well if I gave some account of each of the leading authors of the several years as they passed, telling the reader who were the fashionable authors of their time. I had to begin, therefore, by classifying North and South America, England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Russia, more than eight nations, and selecting the new authors whom people talked about in each year. With relentless hand, I cut down the list and averaged them at three in a year. Were it America in 1902, and I could trust the advertising sheets of the magazines for which I was to write, there would have been fifty in a month. Now, 3 authors × by 8 nations, × again by 100 years, gave twenty-four hundred authors! Alas! while "John Wolfgang von Goethe" could be expressed in four words, many of the authors needed more and few were satisfied with less. If, therefore, I filled the order, with an average of three words for each of my twenty-four

hundred names — where were the criticism and narration to come in?

Warned by this experiment, I have preferred to take a few incidents, men, and eras, and bravely and frankly to leave the rest for other pens and other memories. Hardest trial of all, even where my pen, or the more legible handwriting of others, has written out the chapter, Atropos with stern scissors has cut out the pages — and this reader will never, never know what he has lost! "No one knows," says dear Bishop Whately, who is, by the way, one of the omitted heroes of the century, "what good things you have left out."

So it is that the reader will find in these Memories of a Century nothing of the great epidemics, but what is on this page; almost nothing of the French War, with which the century began; nothing of the Mexican, or Spanish, or many Indian wars; next to nothing of the marvels of science, photographs, anæsthetics, correlation of forces, and all that have sprung from the new discoveries. There has been nothing of the great missionary enterprises, nothing of temperance, of prison reform, of the organization of churches or of charities. We discovered a continent and we annexed Alaska, of which there

is nothing here. The Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, distracting the politicians — the Federalist party dying — the "Know-Nothing" movement — all lived and died. Ah, there were many such all-important catastrophes of which nothing is said here. The treaties of Ghent, of Paris, of Guadalupe-Hidalgo and Paris again, and so many other treaties, and nothing about them. Cherokee and Seminoles, treaties "which should stand as long as the rivers run," nothing about them! Oregon and the Columbia River, and California and its gold, Montana and its silver! — nothing! These and as many more wonders, each of them worth a volume, have not been noticed here.

THE LAST CHAPTER

I am told that a certain arrogance sometimes expresses itself in my writing. For this I apologize. But I do not believe that I could have contrived for myself a better ending for the marvellous century than came to me. I am pleased to see that people begin to call our century the wonderful century, as Dryden called the year of the three sixes "annus mirabilis." All centuries in their time have been called so,

and this has the capital stock of all the others to bank upon and to trade with. For

> "Nature always gives us more
> Than all she ever takes away."

A year before the end there had been one of the time-honored discussions whether the century ended with the year 1899 or not. But now almost everybody had acquiesced in the proposition that no possible way of arranging, piling, or counting ninety-nine cents made them into a dollar. And it seems to me that the little world of literature, certainly the lesser world of companionship, accepted the end of the century with a certain seriousness which was encouraging. This was satisfactory.

The French had invented, many years before, the phrase "fin du siècle," and applied it to everything that was lawless, or without principle, or outside of conventionality — a sort of "devil take the hindmost" farewell to the nineteenth century. But that phrase does not fairly express the feeling which thoughtful men and women had toward their old friend. For twenty years there had been Twentieth Century Clubs among the people who tried to be in the advance. The oldest which I know is the

Twentieth Century Club of Philadelphia. In Boston we have had for fourteen years the Twentieth Century Club of men and women, an important practical factor in the business of making people and things face to the front and giving them their marching orders. To belong to this Twentieth Century Club has meant and means that one hopes the world will be a better world, and that one means to help make it so. Among these clubs there is nothing of the "fin du siècle."

For myself, I paid my respects to the end of the century as early as 1885. I was then in the city of Washington, and I was to preach on the Sunday before Mr. Cleveland's inauguration. I foresaw many of the evils which that administration brought upon the country. No prophet could have seen them all. I chose to preach a sermon on the Twentieth Century, and I printed it on my return to Boston. Does it perhaps forecast the altruism of the new century if I say that George Littlefield, my personal friend, set the types and locked up the chases? I believe I never see those printed pages without a pleasant personal thought of him and his labor of love. In that sermon I laid down as the three initial necessities most urgent for the work of the

new century with us: First the uplift of the school system so that it should educate men and boys, and not be satisfied with their instruction. Second, the systematic and intelligent transfer, from the crowded regions of the world, of men and women who should live in regions not crowded. Third, and necessary for everything else, the institution of a Permanent Tribunal for the nations of the world. I have reprinted the last half of this sermon in a volume of notes of my own autobiography. I speak of it now because it is the first which I happen to remember of the uncounted series of essays which bear its title.

Years before this I had heard Dr. William Dawson, the President of McGill University of Montreal, say of our generation, "What will the future say of us at the end of the nineteenth century?" He said that our men of science had discovered the great principles of Nature's action. Their statement of these principles was as broad and at the same time as definite as Newton's announcement of the Law of Gravitation. And then he said that these same men who had made these discoveries were afraid of their own work. They did not dare use their discoveries for the benefit of mankind! They

came to the edge of the ocean, as Newton said; they knew the laws of its breakers and of its ebb and flow, and they did not venture to launch upon it. They hardly dared to paddle in the spray on the beach.

"Why, these men of the nineteenth century were satisfied with the steam-engine, with the electric telegraph and telephone, with the transformation of the power of a waterfall into the electric current, actually! With such trifles as these they had done enough; they hardly began to use the unconscious powers for the benefit of mankind."

Dawson said this in a Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge. Not many years after I heard our great master of engineering, George Morison, say on a like occasion almost the same thing. Indeed, the Phi Beta oration always gives a good chance for the prophets.

But whatever those backward-looking sons of time may say of us, and whatever Dawson said they ought to say, we have not been dissatisfied with the steps we are taking. Admiral Remey told me the other day that every weapon of offence used in the Spanish War in 1898 has been invented since 1865, unless, he said with a smile, one excepts the dress sword of the

officer. This can hardly be called a weapon of offence. It had won for itself the name of the "toasting-fork" two or three generations before. As we approached the year 1892, the preparations for celebrating the fourth centennial of Columbus's discovery waked up a new chorus of speculation, now frivolous and now serious, as to the work and worth of the nineteenth century — much more serious than any which have left traces of the revolutionary period a hundred years before.

It ought to do us no harm to remember that in 1791 and 1792 the civilized world, generally speaking, did not appreciate America or the discovery of America very highly. On this side of the water nobody had any doubts. Every American from Sam Adams or Thomas Jefferson downward was sure that America was God's choicest gift to man. You would not find a woodchopper clearing his homestead by the Monongahela River, not six months from Germany himself, but would tell the passing traveller that America was the greatest country in the world, and very likely he would add that the capital of this country would probably be on his clearing. Nothing is more amusing than the rage which French and English travellers

of that prehistoric time express when they hear such bragging in the midst of squalor and destitution. For on the other side of the ocean none but fanatics had any such notion. There is a little poem in which Soame Jenyns, a Tory poet, describes the eagerness with which the enfranchised colonists, like so many runaway colts, would come back to beg for the protection of their great and good sovereign George III.

AMERICA

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. DEAN TUCKER

"Crown'd be the man with lasting praise
Who first contriv'd the pin
To loose mad horses from the chaise,
And save the necks within.

"See how they prance, and bound, and skip,
And all controul disdain!
They bid defiance to the whip,
And tear the silken rein.

"Awhile we try if art or strength
Are able to prevail;
But, hopeless, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail,

"With ready foot the spring we press,
Out jumps the magic plug,
Then, disengag'd from all distress,
We sit quite safe and snug.

"The pampered steeds, their freedom gain'd,
Run off full speed together;
But, having no plan ascertain'd,
They run they know not whither.

"Boys who love mischief and a course,
Enjoying the disaster,
Bawl, stop 'em! stop 'em! till they're hoarse,
But mean to drive them faster.

"Each claiming now his nat'ral right,
Scorns to obey his brother;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
And worry one another.

"Hungry at last, and blind, and lame,
Bleeding at nose and eyes;
By suff'rings grown extremely tame,
And by experience wise,

"With bellies full of liberty,
But void of oats and hay,
They both sneak back, their folly see,
And run no more away.

"Let all who view th' instructive scene,
And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glo'ster's honest Dean,
For, TUCKER, thou'rt the man!"

The opinion or the sentiment of all classes of literary men as to the worth of America was tested in 1792 by the Academy of Lyons. I

have referred to it in the first chapter of these papers. The Abbé Genty, a man now almost wholly forgotten, but who was then the Government's censor of literature, received the prize, as I have said. He had the sense to foresee the advantage which came to the world when, as Carlyle said, democracy began its march around the world. But the other writers, whose papers have been preserved, made but a poor show. They had to admit that the wars which were born from American politics had been disastrous to Europe; they supposed that some diseases had been imported from America. They did not know enough of political science to understand how it was that the ceaseless flow of gold and silver into Europe reduced the purchasing power of coin so that for three centuries money debts had generally been paid in a currency of less value than that of the time in which they were contracted. But they did understand that something bothered commerce and mercantile affairs and kept them in wild ferment which they did not comprehend. Even Franklin, in his common-sense way, says that he has observed that sugar is always dearer in nations which have sugar colonies than in nations which have none.

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The physical goods which came from America were thus reduced to Jesuits' bark and potatoes. I think none of those competitors for the Lyons prize had the grace to be thankful to us, even for tobacco.

But in 1892 all this was changed. Indeed, as early as January, 1860, the porter who carried my valise to the steamship at Queenstown in Ireland fairly apologized to me that he had not gone to America himself long before. He wanted me to understand that, speaking generally, he knew that every man in Ireland who was not an idiot did go as soon as he could. At this moment in which I am writing, when more than two thousand people from Europe arrive here in every day, it is clear enough that Europe now has learned the lesson of the danger of crowds and the value of deserts. As I once heard William Evarts say, the German farmer in Illinois is no better man than his twin brother whom he left in Prussia: the difference between the Illinois farmer and his brother is that he does not have to carry a soldier on his back.

Yes, there is a great advantage in having white paper to write upon, and every day of every year of the century has been teaching this to America.

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING

As I have said, for me, personally, the century ended in a most dramatic way.

Two centuries before, on the first of January, 1701, dear old Samuel Sewall, the same who hanged the witches and repented of it so pathetically, determined that Boston should pay its compliment to the new century. In his diary for the first day of the month he says: —

"Jan^{y} 1, 1701. Entrance of 18th Century. Just about Break-a-day, Jacob Amsden and 3 other trumpeters gave a Blast with the Trumpets, on the common, near Mr. Alford's. Then went to the Green Chamber, and sounded there about sunrise. Bell-man said these verses, [My verses upon New Century], which I printed and gave them."

Mr. Alford's was the highest house, in situation, in Boston. It was where the new State House yard is, near Bowdoin Street.

I was familiar with this interesting memorandum of Sewall's, and, as it proved afterward, there was an original copy of his broadside in the Antiquarian Library at Worcester, and another in the Boston Public Library. So, as the end

of the century approached, I sent to our friend Mr. Edwin Doak Mead, the President of the Twentieth Century Club. Let me say, in passing, that Mr. Mead is everybody's friend, and is one of those people who know how to bring things to pass. So, when anybody in Boston has anything of public spirit to be done, a little out of the common way, instead of doing it himself, he writes a note to Mr. Mead about it, and asks him if he cannot take care of it. You generally find that he has done all that is necessary before your note came.

So I wrote to Mr. Mead. He agreed with me that the twentieth century ought to begin as the eighteenth began, and Governor Crane agreed with him. And Mead reprinted Sewall's ode, and made the selections which Moses had written for the purpose, in what men say is the oldest written poem, written I do not know how long before Homer. He arranged with the Handel and Haydn people, and the Cecilia people. Of course he lived at the very top of Boston, close to the State House, and there a few of us assembled as the last hours of the old year ebbed away. Here is the programme which he printed and gave them: —

FROM CENTURY TO CENTURY

OBSERVANCE OF THE PASSING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AND THE COMING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, BY THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB AND THE PUBLIC, BEFORE THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

The exercises will begin at quarter of twelve, Monday night, December 31, 1900.

TRUMPETS, FROM STATE HOUSE BALCONY.

HYMN, SUNG BY THE ASSEMBLY

"Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed."

SELECTIONS FROM THE NINETIETH PSALM, READ BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

"A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

"O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

"Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

SAMUEL SEWALL'S HYMN, WRITTEN FOR THE OBSERVANCE IN BOSTON OF THE DAWN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Chorus

"Once more, our God, vouchsafe to shine;
Tame Thou the rigor of our clime;
Make haste with Thy impartial light,
And terminate this long, dark night.

"Let the transplanted English vine
Spread further still; still call it thine.
Prune it with skill; for yield it can
More fruit to Thee, the Husbandman.

"The false religions shall decay,
And darkness fly before bright day;
Till men shall God the Lord adore,
And worship idols vain no more.

"So Asia and Africa,
Europa, with America,
All four, in consort joined, shall sing
New songs of praise to God our King."

SILENCE UNTIL THE STROKE OF THE MIDNIGHT HOUR AND THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPETS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, SAID BY ALL THE PEOPLE.

"AMERICA," SUNG BY THE PEOPLE.

TRUMPETS.

Here are my notes of the next morning, and they shall be the last of these Memories of a Century: —

"The boys of the Commonwealth Club came to escort us to the State House, and did. This was quite as well, for the street was crowded with people, and it was with difficulty that the police made way for us into the Governor's room — Mrs. Hale, and E. and I, and Mr. and Mrs. Mead. The Governor was as pleasant as always. We waited till just quarter before twelve, and then worked our way through the crowd, on the balcony, looking down on the State House yard. The balcony had never seen such a company before, for here was a chorus of nearly two hundred voices, selected from the Handel and Haydn and the Cecilia Society.

"A perfect sea of upturned faces was below. The spectacle was magnificent. The State House yard and all the streets, in every direction, were crowded as far as you could see. The lights of the carriages on both sides of the streets stretched off into the dark horizon. The people were too closely crowded to move. Indeed, nobody wanted to move. They were quiet, and absolutely intent

on what was going on in our balcony. For me, there were two men with cornets on my right, with only the Governor between, and two on my left. And while they played, I could hear nothing whatever, either from the balcony or from below. All our watches were exactly right. Every one had been careful about that; and at exactly fifteen minutes before twelve, at an order from the chorus-master, the four trumpets sounded. They played what in camp is called 'taps,' meaning the closing strain for the day. Old soldiers recognized it at once as the fit close of a century. [I had last heard it at Bermuda Hundred, on the 30th of May, 1864.]

[Sewall, the old Chief Justice, called his men trumpeters, and we called ours so. The instruments were, in fact, what are now called "cornets." But I believe they are substantially the same as the trumpets of his time.]

"The playing of taps lasted a few minutes; I think it was followed by a little hand applause. Every one then joined in the first verse of Old Hundred, 'Be Thou, O God, Exalted High!' I say every one, for we had, as I say, a full chorus of two hundred voices. But I do not think that there was a general chorus from below. I only heard the trumpets. I read the appropriate

verses from the Ninetieth Psalm. People were still as death. The balcony and people made a good sounding-board. My voice was all right, and I read very slowly. I have since seen people who were nearly as far as Winter Street who heard me. [I have been asked a hundred times if I used a megaphone. But here is simply an illustration of the power of the human voice if the listeners will keep still.] Then the chorus sang two verses of Sewall's hymn. There was time enough and they sang two more. Then another strain from the trumpets, and then a hush, absolute and very solemn. King's Chapel bell struck twelve very slowly, and between the strokes our trumpets sounded. There were several seconds between the strokes.

"I said the Lord's Prayer, and here I was conscious that other people joined. The trumpets played 'America,' and here people joined in very cordially. I said, 'God bless our city, our State, and our country.' And this was to me as remarkable as anything in it all. People turned almost silently to go home. Indeed, the whole passage of the half-hour had the devout impression of a service at church.

"Looking back upon it I cannot help feeling that it all showed curiously well the serious

foundation of the life of our people. I do not think they thought of it as a religious service when they came, but they all did when they went away."

And so I will bid this faithful reader good-by. Some library will preserve this volume, and it carries with it my charge to my sons' grandsons, that in 2001 one of them shall write his Memories of the Twentieth Century.

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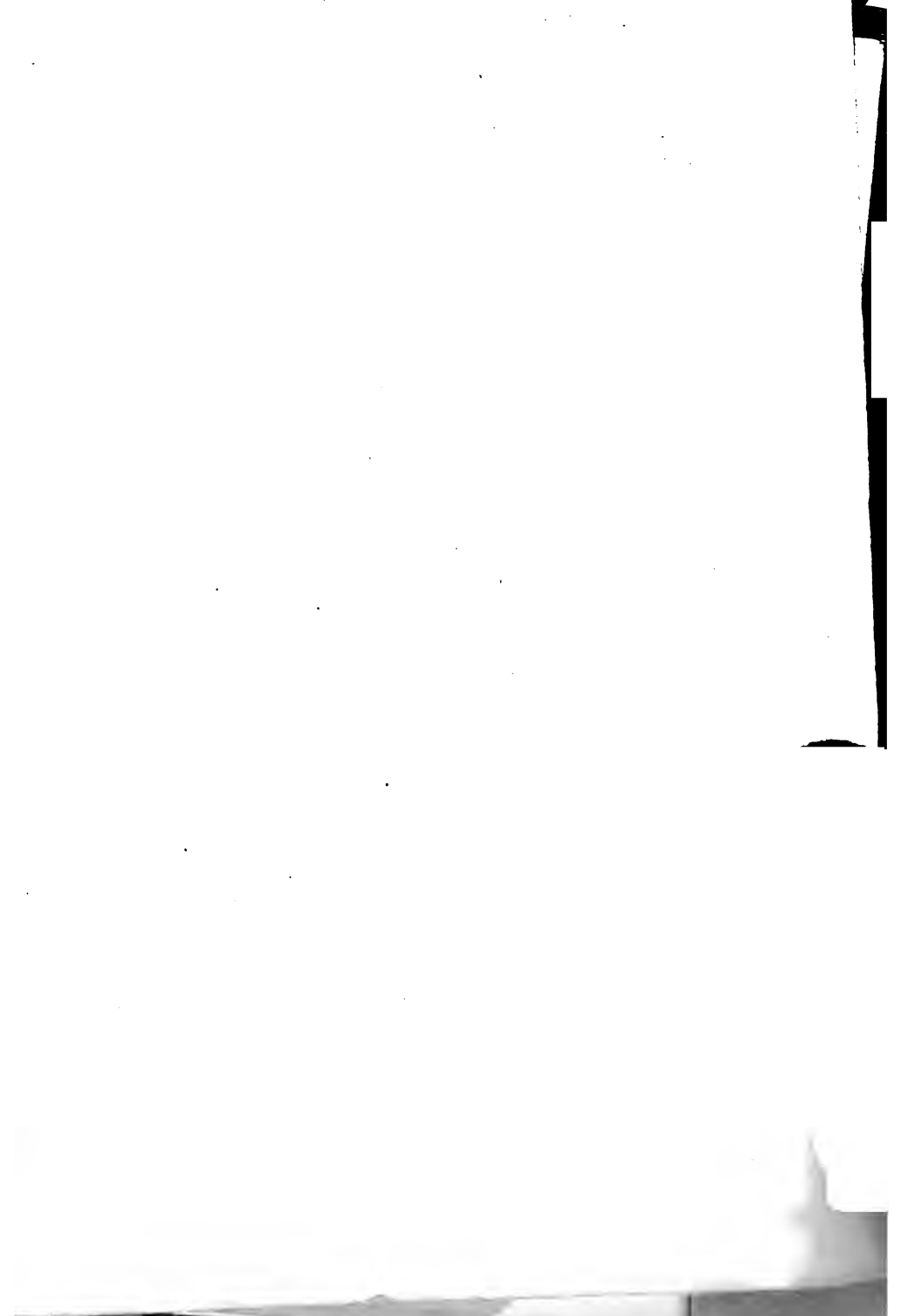

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